

TOC H JOURNAL

Vol. X

AUGUST, 1932

No. 8

Contributions must reach the Editor not later than the Tenth of the month previous to issue.

THE JOBMASTER'S EQUIPMENT

This is the substance of a talk given at the London Jobmaster's Conference at Denham on June 26, 1932, by the Secretary of the Schools Section of Toc H.

AN American book on Salesmanship casually picked up in the common room of a Toc H Mark (perhaps it was the cherished possession of the Jobmaster) contained many delightful things. It was only the second volume of a comprehensive course, but already it had made clear that the would-be salesman needed to make a careful study both of the person to whom he wished to sell (charmingly entitled his "prospect") and of the goods or services he wished to offer (his "selling proposition"). Translated into English, this seems to contain much food for the jobmaster's thought. Whether he regards himself as a salesman or a teacher—and, in fact, he is both—he must set himself to attain two objects, a thorough understanding of his men, and a coherent picture of the world of "jobs." It is with the second of these objects that we are here concerned. It is a huge subject. It covers no less than the whole wide range of personal service. But here the main emphasis will be placed upon the service of the rising generation, and that for good reason.

The whole world now knows that we stand upon the brink of an economic abyss. But little thought is needed to realize that we are also upon the edge of a social abyss, no less dark and precipitous. In every sphere of life the machine of man's creation is in a fair way to run away with its inventor. In international life the machinery of nationalism, created to give men loyalty, and of defence, created to give them security, is fairly out of hand. The machinery of trade and commerce, based upon a system of currency and credit designed to facilitate exchange, is moving ever slower and with ominous creakings. The portentous development of industrial machinery bids fair to leave the human individual high and dry, deprived of both pride and capacity for personal achievement. Even in our leisure hours the same menace of the machine is ousting the humbler but individual work of men's own taste and art and skill. We are reminded of the warning given by the machines in Kipling's poem:

"If you make a slip in handling us you die."

Civilization is in jeopardy of making a fatal slip in the handling of the machines of its own creation. But to quote the machines again:

"For all our power and weight and size
We are nothing more than children of your brain."

The problem before this age is nothing less than the reinstatement of human individuality in control of the material structure of civilization. Its solution depends on the quality of the individuals of the rising generation, and that in its turn depends on the readiness of individuals to help their younger brethren to grow up into full men. Such is the mighty sweep of the task in which all Toc H service for the rising generation must play its part. Such is the great constructive work to which this generation has to set its hand. The first effort of the jobmaster must be one of imagination. In looking at the saplings of his own tiny jobs his inward eye must see the waving tree-tops and his ear catch the rustle of the mighty forest. Before all else he must see things big.

Now to apply this wide survey to the particular field of social service. Social service has passed through two clear stages and is now entering a third. The first was definitely charitable, motivated, indeed, by Christian virtues, but in its administration clearly thought of in terms of help from those above to those below. In the second, public provision from State or local funds came to take the principal place. Admirable as many of its results have been it has not escaped the double danger of forgetting the individual in the mass, and of causing the individual to lose some of his own capacity for personal responsibility and achievement. Financial stress has brought this second phase to a halt, for some time at least—perhaps for ever. In its place there is growing up, tentatively, but with increasing force, a new conception of social service, not as "noblesse oblige," not as a right of claim upon the State, but as the simple duty of neighbourliness. The task of making the best of growing boys and girls, the task of reinstating the individual in his right relation to the machine, is shown to depend on the readiness of each and every private citizen to join, in the words of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, ". . . a partnership of individuals in a joint enterprise—the promotion of youth's opportunity—to see that every boy and girl has a fair chance."

For such an outlook, the notion of paying our rent is scarcely adequate. It suggests a quota, not a free gift from a free man to a great adventure of the whole race. The sheep-dog metaphor is better, provided we are clear, as every shepherd must needs be, that sheep-minding is a very different thing from sheep-worrying. And sheep-worrying, in the form, say, of a boys' club which is a bear-garden because well-intentioned people don't know what they are doing, is unhappily more often a product of ignorance than of vice. When Our Lord Himself said that the shepherd knows his own sheep, it is legitimate to suppose that he meant not their names only, but their nature and their needs.

It follows, then, that with so mighty a purpose in view, the jobmaster's equipment of knowledge regarding the work he is to ask from his men is all-important. What does he need to know and how can he attain it? Let us try to space it out.

In one of his most delightful efforts in the pages of *Punch*, Mr. A. P. Herbert describes how he erected at the river end of his garden a modest pair of wooden steps, whereby to embark in his boat. A friendly inspector of the river authorities warned him that trouble would ensue unless he obtained a permit for their erection, and suggested that he should not disclose that the steps were already in place. Mr.

Herbert accordingly wrote to the authorities and in due course received an official request for—

- (a) A sketch map of the river above and below the proposed works;
- (b) A scale-map of the locality;
- (c) A plan and elevation of the proposed works themselves.

We cannot here follow the correspondence, conducted by Mr. Herbert with engaging simplicity and by the authorities with icy politeness, till the awful truth dawned upon their minds that the "works" were not "proposed" at all, but very actual. Mr. Herbert's purpose is to make us smile at officialdom and he does it in his own inimitable way. Perhaps to make these solemn demands all for a pair of wooden steps was like using a sledge-hammer to crack a nut, but it will be seen that the purpose was to obtain knowledge on three important points. First, where did the structure impinge on the flowing stream of the river? Secondly, how did it fit the locality? Thirdly, what was the nature of the job itself? Here we have a scheme which may help our present purpose, for it outlines very conveniently the headings of a jobmaster's knowledge.

First, he must know where voluntary service can impinge on the stream of a boy's life. A boy is subject to many directive influences, some provided by public authority, some by direct voluntary action upon himself as an individual, and some by the indirect effect of voluntary action on the background and surroundings of his life. A very inadequate attempt is made in the table shown on the next page to set out in three vertical columns the main influences under each of these heads. Horizontally, the table is divided roughly into age groups and at the top of the last vertical column are influences described as "general," because they affect lives at all stages and not at one only. So short a summary cannot hope to be either complete or accurate in detail. That does not matter. Its purpose is to help the jobmaster to get for himself a birdseye view of the influences bearing on the boy. It is important that he should have this. Possessing it, he will be able to see how each isolated job fits into the great scheme of helping the rising generation to full manhood. He will know what other forces are in the field, and understand that effective action means applying the leverage of his men to supplement and not to cut across these other influences. Equally important, he will see that there is not one key-point but many, and so be able to use individuals to the best advantage. The senior member who would be lost in the hurly-burly of a boys' club, may be very effective in working for a local housing scheme or on the advisory committee of a juvenile exchange. Some men can do best with individuals, others with a crowd, some can fit in with adolescents but are useless with children, and *vice versa*. The discerning jobmaster, armed with his birdseye view of the whole field, will be able to marshal the units of his force to the greatest effect, and to help each man to draw encouragement for his own task from a vision of the whole.

Next, the jobmaster requires "a scale-map of the locality." He should know what is being done for the youth of his district by public and private agency, and be able to put his finger on the points where additional strength is required. Local knowledge is essential. The provision of clubs and other agencies for young

PUBLIC PROVISION.	DIRECT VOLUNTARY ACTION.	INDIRECT VOLUNTARY ACTION.
3—7. Infant School.	Infant Welfare and Clinics. Play Centres.	<i>General:</i> (1) Promotion of better housing and slum clearance; (2) Promotion of better facilities for games and recreation.
7—14. Elementary School.	(a) <i>Health</i> : School Care Work. (b) <i>Training and Recreation</i> : (i) Cubs, then Scouting; (ii) Small Boys' Clubs; (iii) Sunday Schools; (iv) Holiday Camps. (c) <i>Special Cases</i> : Care of troublesome, crippled, ill, mental or delinquent boys.	School Care Committees.
14—18. <i>For a few</i> : Secondary, Central and Junior Technical Schools. <i>Evening Classes</i> : Commercial, Technical, Recreational. Juvenile Employment Exchange. <i>For the Unemployed</i> : Juvenile Instruction Centres.	(a) <i>Placing in work</i> and industrial and social after care. (b) <i>Corporate training</i> in leisure hours. (i) Scouting "Happy, healthy, helpful citizens." (ii) Brigades "Advancement of Christ's Kingdom among boys." (iii) Clubs "Fitness in body, mind and spirit." (c) <i>Special Cases</i> : As in 7—14 above plus the lone boy and the unclubbable gang. (d) Cultivation of <i>individual interests</i> —music, art, etc. (e) <i>The girl in the case</i> : Mixed clubs and Sunday activities.	(a) After Care Committees. (b) Advisory Committees for Juvenile Employment. (c) Juvenile Organisations Committee, Local Council of Social Service or other body surveying provision for juveniles in the area. (d) Formulation of accurate information on all matters affecting life of juveniles in the neighbourhood, e.g., Influence of cinemas and music halls; influence of boxing, billiards and dancing halls; work of local authority in dealing with housing, health, play-grounds, baths, etc.
Over 18. Senior Evening Institutes. <i>For unemployed</i> : Machinery of Employment Exchange and Public Assistance.	(a) "Old Boys." Rovers. (b) Unemployed individuals. (c) The young tramp.	Information as to voluntary unemployed schemes such as contained in the N.C.S.S. pamphlet <i>Work with the Unemployed</i> .

people varies greatly in different parts of the metropolis, and often the most difficult areas are the worst equipped. In housing and in health services there is frequently a marked difference in energy between one borough council and the next. Is it altogether too wild a dream that some day units of Toc H will know their own districts so well that some pooling of needs and resources will become possible? A Branch strong in scouters might send one or two to help a

district where scouting is weak; a Branch in an area where skilled craftsmen abound might supply such men for the needs of a boys' club elsewhere, crying out for someone to develop its carpenter's shop. By such means the maximum number of effectives could be concentrated at the right points, and in the process the danger of a parish-pump outlook in our family life could be effectively countered.

But to return to the jobmaster and his map of the locality. His general survey of what is being done—or left undone—in his district should be humanized and made effective by knowledge of the individual men and women who are responsible for the various branches of civic and social activity. He should know who hold the key positions, and by touch with them constantly keep the local picture complete and clear in his mind. The District Organizer of Care Committees, the Secretary of the Juvenile Employment Exchange, the Probation Officer, the Secretaries of local charitable trusts (which often have funds for helping cases of special difficulty), key men on the Borough Council, the club managers, scoutmasters and brigade officers of the district, the secretaries of local societies for housing, skilled employment, social service, juvenile organizations and the like; most of these should be known to the jobmaster and he to them. If any jobmaster feels that the filling in of his local map on these lines is a formidable task, let him remember that he will be met at least half-way. Most of the men and women engaged in such work are enthusiasts, and only too ready to help one who is trying directly or indirectly to bring fresh forces to the building up of the social whole in which each of them plays a part.

Lastly, the jobmaster must be ready to provide "a plan and elevation of the proposed works." Clearly, the jobmaster cannot hope to be an all-round expert. It is not desirable that he should be. But he should be able to play the role of an "honest broker" between his members and the various ways in which they could serve, stimulating and helping them to acquire the necessary knowledge for themselves. To this task there are two sides, books and men. Some of the chief voluntary organisations now supply, gratis or for a few pence, well-written pamphlets on their work in general or on particular sides of it. The jobmaster should be well-stocked with such documents in order that he may hand them out to men whose keenness is as yet unmatched by knowledge of the right line to take or how to set about it. Skilfully used, these papers should serve to waken a desire for further knowledge, and the jobmaster should be ready to meet it. If the unit is fortunate it may be able to build up a small social service library of its own. But if this cannot be done—and in these days the resources of many units are limited—there is always the public library. Let the jobmaster take the list of books issued by headquarters at the time of the Prince of Wales' appeal as a guide. Let him see which of them are in the public library and press for the acquisition of those that are lacking. He will then be able to meet the demand of his men by telling them where they can obtain further information. Most forms of service for the rising generation can thus be covered. There remain, however, some kinds of service, not dealt with in books, about which Toc H has much valuable but at present scattered information. If jobmasters of a district would unite to stimulate

small groups of men who have worked hard at such jobs as service for the blind, or the manning of hospital libraries, and get them to put together their knowledge in short and attractive pamphlets for circulation to other units, Toc H would thereby contribute a valuable guide both for its own members and for others. But, valuable as the written word can be, it remains true that there is no learning like that acquired from a good teacher. So the jobmaster should have yet another resource. Stored up in his mind should be the names of one or two local men—a scout-master, a club manager, a man skilled in handling difficult individuals—who are at once experts and possessed of the necessary understanding and patience to be good trainers of others. To them he should send individuals from time to time as apprentices in one or another form of practical neighbourliness. So he will increase not merely the quantity but the quality of the service that Toc H can offer to the formidable needs of the day.

There is a risk, of course, that in stating these fundamental requirements of jobmastery one may make the task look so exacting as to terrify those who take their work most to heart. But the risk is worth taking. Few of us will in all human probability be able to do thoroughly all the things here suggested. But all of us can do some. By merely setting them out we gain one thing of great value, the capacity to see our job really big. There is no encouragement like that of seeing how our own tiny little bit of work fits into its place in a mighty whole. For such a vision the world was never more ready. The hard logic of events has opened men's eyes to the danger in which they stand. The choice is becoming daily clearer between a collapse of civilization and a resolute learning from adversity that it can be saved and set upon its feet only by a steady raising of the quality of the individual life. The task of any single jobmaster may seem at times desperately trivial. But in the light of such a vision of the whole task, who among us will dare to say that we can put too high a value on the quality of our work?

H. A. S.



Summer Night

*As I stand
Upon some rocky spur of land
Steeped in the solemn majesty
Of earth and firmament and sea,
Cometh Night,
A sable-vestured acolyte,
To bow before the altar high
And light the candles of the sky;
Then my spirit soars, and hears
The vast Te Deum of the spheres.*

GEROLD GORE.

"WAYFARING MEN, THOUGH FOOLS . . ."

The writer of this article is Brother SYDNEY LOVEGROVE, a Toc H member working on the staff of Blackborough Home in Devon, one of the houses now being run in connection with the Home of St. Francis in Dorset, which has been more than once described in these pages (see JOURNAL for August 1923, April 1924, May 1925, August 1928). He writes from first-hand touch with the wayfaring man on the road and in the Home. Vagrants' own stories have also, several times, appeared in these pages—that of a 'professional' tramp-artist in October 1930, and of 'amateur' Toc H tramps in December 1926, November 1930, and April 1932.

IT is fitting that we should "remember them,"—"our glorious dead," the million men who made the supreme sacrifice. It is equally fitting that we should remember those who only escaped being gloriously dead by a hair's breadth, only to remain ingloriously alive.

With "the going down of the sun and in the morning," those hours of our day when remembrance and prayer are in the hearts of all of us who live by love, there is a great body of our fellows whom some are apt too readily to forget, while others may scarcely be cognisant of their existence. A very large number of men, demobilised from our war-time army, have been compelled, mainly through economic circumstances, over which they cannot be said to have the slightest control, to attach themselves to that other army—the vagrants, "The Legion of the Lost." But my brief is not solely for the ex-service man contingent of this vast army—tramps, wayfarers, casuals, vagrants, call them what you will. "A rose by any other name will smell as sweet," so also is a man, by any other name, just as deserving the love of his brother man, be he prince or vagrant. Bold though this statement may at first sight seem, I yet have the highest possible authority for it: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these. . ."

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning," those hours of the day when the vagrant either crawls to the herded shelter of the Casual Ward, or sets forth in fair weather or in foul to tramp aimlessly on to the next similarly wretched place in which to pass the night, ". . . we will remember them."

* * * *

The men "on the road" in these days are of many kinds, and we can never really hope to understand or help to solve the problem of vagrancy unless we recognise distinctions among them.

The real "*vagrant*" is the man devoid of all sense of responsibility either for himself or to the State. He lacks all understanding of the reason for his own being. He is content to go through life as he finds it. He experiences no sense of shame in begging; in this he is usually expert. Long years of vagrancy have inured him to his particular form of life: he seeks no other. Ethics bother him not at all. If his cramped soul is capable of love in any form, it is limited to his desire to be considered a "free" man—free, only in the sense that, providing he behaves himself, he is permitted to walk every other day of his life, just that distance which separates the casual ward in which he slept the previous night from

the one next nearest. Importuning, he may not be compelled even to accomplish that journey; temporarily affluent, a ninepenny bed in a common lodging-house is to him a luxury. In reasonably good weather a bed does not rank among his needs, for sleeping "rough" is to him no hardship. He is verminous in consequence, but so little does this inconvenience him that he experiences no remorse for infecting others with whom he may come into contact. He is usually vile of speech; his habits are loathsome; he is at war with all and sundry, unloving and unloved.

Separated from the "habitual" vagrant by but an almost imperceptible line of demarkation comes "*the social outcast*," treading his miserable path towards habitualism, only because our social order directs him thither. Probably no more than a temporary lapse has brought him to his present circumstances, but lack of either moral or mental stability prohibits his unassisted rehabilitation. He is but a sub-section of the "vagrant" category.

Just how far these two classes are separated from *the mental deficient* matters little. The three classes combined constitute the real "Army of the Road." They stand as poles apart from the far greater auxiliary army that has sprung into being in post-war days, to which they are by comparison but a small body. They represent perhaps no more than 15 per cent. of the total dwellers in our casual wards to-day.

In 1917 there were 8,000 admissions to the wards of Devonshire—approximately 22 each evening. There are 18 wards in the County, but several of these were closed during war-time as their need no longer existed. All men capable of any form of usefulness, were then either serving in the fighting forces or had been absorbed into industry. It would therefore be reasonably safe to assume that those who were then on "the road" represented the unemployable vagrants. In 1931, 78,000 admissions were made to the same wards and the numbers continue to grow! What inference are we to draw from these figures? We certainly cannot assume that because the numbers are ten times greater to-day than they were in 1917 that we have ten times as many unemployables in the country.

Between this new army and the old there is a connecting link. He may best be described as "*the unattached worker*." He is a thriftless being, without home ties and is more or less irresponsible. He is a capable enough worker in a spasmodic fashion—settled only at times when work is available and back on the road again within a few days of drawing his final week's wages on the job. Usually short of temper, of a quarrelsome disposition, counting life on the road no hardship, because he has probably never known home comforts; a law unto himself; partly nomadic; partly industrious; partly reliable; slightly "mental" perhaps, he is not yet the complete vagrant, but he most certainly is the "casual pauper." Exactly what his proportion is to the whole is problematical. He belongs neither to the "vagrant" or to the "workless" army, but as he drifts between the one and the other we will for present purposes class him with the former in order that we may the better understand just how many of the present numbers on the road may be considered to offer prospects of rehabilitation.

The post-war recruits are mostly of the working classes, chiefly single men, both young and old, who normally live in furnished lodgings or with relatives little better circumstanced than themselves. Being without either employment or unemployment insurance benefit they are rendered homeless and destitute and, being so, are faced with but the choice of two paths to tread. The correct one, from the strictly legal standpoint, is for such a man to present himself to the local Public Assistance Officer and apply for admission to the workhouse. This course, to a healthy, able-bodied man, is unthinkable. The alternative is to go "on tramp" in search of work—the unattainable, the (at present) almost non-existent. Moreover, the "call of the road" has about it a certain irresistible romance. Here is the great highway, by traversing which one may see all the fair cities and towns of Britain; surely work can be found in one or other of them.

"Hope springs eternal"—a doubtful saw that! Let those who so lightly quote it, fall into that state of destitution which brings men to the tramp level and see how long hope survives. A few short weeks, months possibly, but years—never. The day soon comes when hope dies and from an honourable state of honest unemployed artisanship, the victim begins to slip back. Boots become worn through, clothes are soiled and threadbare, underclothing worn out and discarded, collars have long since ceased to be included in the wardrobe; the physical condition deteriorates and sheer necessity compels the wretched sufferer to beg. Strangely enough, begging quite frequently starts at a police-station. Just because begging is an offence, the victim of its need reasons, quite logically, that to show the guardians of the law how desperate is his need to break that law, is the only proper and reasonable thing to do. Police officers are, for the most part sympathetically disposed towards the novice. Boots and clothing, food and not infrequently lodgings are provided and in some cases even money is given. Then it is that, encouraged by the sympathy which the police have shown, coupled with the feeling that at heart they are really good fellows and most unlikely to prosecute, the temporarily heartened wretch starts to beg from the public. Within a very short time, he meets with either the unsympathetic constable or an outraged member of society who insists on giving him in charge. A month's imprisonment usually follows and from the first offence to a second is but a short step. It then becomes the rule of life rather than an interlude. A collection of four or five convictions and the would-be worker finds himself to be drifting slowly but surely towards that demarkation line which separates the unfortunate idle, but otherwise honest, citizen from the "habitual" vagrant. The slightest push and he is over the line. The smallest effort on the part of the authorities or some well-intentioned voluntary agency and his salvation would be assured. The State makes no such effort nor yet is any contemplated until the victim commits a crime involving a comparatively lengthy term of imprisonment or even penal servitude.

Last, but by no means least in its extreme poignancy, is the case of *the youthful wayfarer*, the lad of from 15 years of age. His is a truly pathetic plight. Most of the class it is true are but naughty children who have run away from home on some slight provocation, while many have done so with reasonable cause—

unsympathetic and even harsh step-parents, a dipsomaniac mother or father. Others, maybe, are without parents at all and, feeling themselves to be a burden upon the slender resources of an elder brother or sister, slink off from motives of true heroism. Who knows what the cause may be? Each case has its own story behind it, and the truth is oft-times difficult to reach. But there is one class, and that a very large one which cannot be misunderstood—the youth whose circumstances in life have rendered his upbringing devoid of all parental control. Reared, it may be, in some one or another of our many institutions, either public or private, on reaching the school-leaving age he is jostled into any form of employment which may present itself. The work he is expected to undertake may be quite unsuited to his particular temperament; it is often of a blind-alley character, likely as not of a category which does not come within the scope of the Unemployment Insurance Act; seldom carrying a wage sufficient to enable the recipient to maintain himself in decency. And so it comes about, that in the course of a few months, he is out of a job, homeless, friendless, penniless, doleless even. Where is he to go? What to do? There are roads open to him, yes. I know those roads! Where the straight way of employment ends, the broad highway of vagrancy begins. It has an alternative road to the right traversed by not a few. That road leads to crime. To the left is a second which points to prostitution. It is a road easy to traverse for a time and is chosen by far more than the average citizen could possibly imagine. And all along the broad highway of vagrancy traversed by the youthful wayfarer are by-ways linking up with these two.

What is to be done about it?

Such are the types to be found in the ranks of this tragic army. What to do with them presents a problem for which no solution has yet been found—although successive governments in Britain during the past four and a half centuries have tried their hands. To attempt to deal with the history of the subject since the passing of the first "Vagrancy Act" in 1495 would require more space than I now have at my disposal. If one studies that history carefully it will be obvious that no serious attempt has at any time been made actually to solve the problem, but rather to improve the lot of the vagrant. To this end much time and thought has been given and while successive Departments of State responsible for the administration of the Poor Law have sought to humanize the treatment accorded to vagrants, they have either lacked the power to enforce their will or the will to enforce their power upon the local authorities acting under them.

While conditions in the past have certainly demanded that efforts should be made with all possible speed to render them more humane, those of us who feel that no useful ultimate purpose can be served by making those conditions too comfortable, prefer to concentrate upon more remedial objectives, viz.:—

1. Nationalising the responsibility for the care of the homeless and destitute;
2. Rendering vagrancy as a means of existence impossible by making it an offence in law.

The one great obstacle in the way of the latter aim is the much-flaunted "liberty of the subject." It is argued that to prohibit the individual from wandering at will in a state of destitution, claiming the right every day of his life to demand the shelter and sustenance provided in casual wards, would constitute an unwarrantable interference with his "liberty."

As the law stands to-day that liberty is unassailable. As the conditions in casual wards in 1929 were such that they drew from the Departmental Committee of Enquiry which sat in London in the latter part of that year the expression "infamous and intolerable," the Ministry of Health promptly issued an order which lapse of time has proved it to be powerless to enforce.

On the one hand the law says in effect: "You must not beg—if you do, you go to prison; proper provision is made for your needs at every casual ward." On the other hand, the local authority says: "We cannot cope with so many of you. You overwhelm us. Go your way. Here is bread and cheese. You don't belong to us, anyhow!"

In that last sentence is to be found the crux of the whole matter. "You don't belong to us!" The nation legislates to deal with the vagrant and fastens the responsibility for his daily maintenance upon the local authority administering the area in which he happens to be. The local authority wonders why! "You don't belong to us—here, take this and be off with you!" And so we find the man suddenly deprived of work, home, dole or food, compelled to make himself an unwelcome visitor wherever he travels. The alternative which is presented to him—that of shutting himself up permanently in the local workhouse—is not one that any able-bodied Englishman worth his salt will face.

The suggestion of the Vagrancy Reform Society is that long sentences should be imposed—but that men should not be sent to prison but detained in Homes of the type of ours at Blackburn and elsewhere, which would be specially reserved for such cases. The remedial treatment they provide is in contrast to the repressive now in vogue, and would enable many a man to a fresh start.*

Toc H in touch

In conclusion, I should like to say a few words on what Toc H is doing in connection with vagrancy. I can only speak of what I know, but what I do know is good. To take one point—Sunday visiting. Sunday in the casual ward is a dreaded and desperate day, for men are shut up without employment of any kind.† In many localities in this Area (South Western) Branches and Groups have organised a system of regular Sunday visits to the local casuals wards, where (in the words of our Toc H *Compass*) they carry the true spirit of "wide human sympathy with the lives and needs of their fellows, study their conditions, mitigating by habit of mind, word and deed the evils of class-consciousness and becoming responsible (temporarily—but no less welcome) for the welfare of those committed to their friendship."

* Any reader interested in the ideals of the Vagrancy Reform Society is recommended to get in touch with its Hon. Secretary, Col. A. M. Lloyd, M.C., Park Henry, Dryslwyn, Carmarthenshire.

† For a vivid picture of this, see a Toc H "tramp's" experience in the JOURNAL, Dec., 1926, p. 449.

I recently paid a visit to one of the largest wards in the south-west on a Sunday afternoon when five or six "blokes" were actively engaged in spreading the Gospel without preaching it. There were over 60 men in the ward, drawn from all classes and conditions. One had his wife with him in the women's side of the Institution. Presently, after "passing round the case" and getting all cheerfully puffing away, someone addressed a few cheering words to his less fortunate brothers and invited them into another room for half-an-hour. The majority came. The man with his wife asked if his partner might also be permitted to join in: she was. A prayer, a hymn, a very short but thoroughly appreciated address; an hour's community singing in which all joined in tuneful harmony, a few solos, two of which were admirably chosen and still more admirably sung by the matronly woman whose man had so thoughtfully asked for her inclusion in the proceedings; and the visit ended. In all, two hours were spent in converting a dread monotony into a happy and enjoyable time.

There was a practical sequel on the following day. I met two of the "blokes" in the town. They had noticed that the woman's boots were much the worse for wear from her long and continued tramping, had begged a new pair and were on their way to the "spike" with their present. Good work!

Similar work is being carried out in other localities, but it has its dangers. Wards that become known as visited by Toc H will become—are, in fact, becoming—overcrowded at week-ends, while the unvisited adjoining wards are not so well patronised. This is apt to cause a traffic congestion which may possibly result in the authorities being compelled to withdraw permission for Toc H visits. *That must never happen.* Throughout his Area our Padre, Norman Knock, is making strenuous efforts to have *every* ward visited on *every* Sunday of the year. The visits *must* be regularised and uniform. "Fags" in one ward and no "fags" in another must be avoided. Better no "fags" at all!

In localities where Toc H is not represented the nearest jobmaster would be performing a useful service in endeavouring to organise visits on the part of non-member friends.

As long as the present system pertains, Toc H has a definite mission before it in trying to improve the lot of the "vagrant army," but it would be rendering still greater service in assisting to educate public opinion and to impress upon it the need for the elimination of that system. No Government will move until public opinion compels. The problem is not a political one, it is social. It is not controversial; it is one calling for a united Christian endeavour.

S. F. L.



THE EASTERN AREA FESTIVAL AT CAMBRIDGE

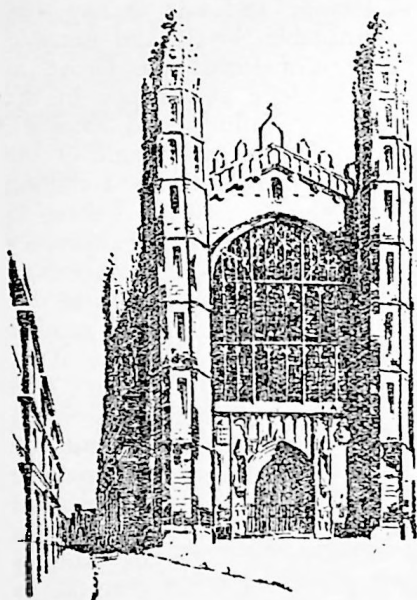
A LOVELY English garden basked contentedly in the sun, whose light dappled the green carpet beneath the trees with golden sunshine. The quiet sounds of Sunday afternoon and the scent of new-mown hay drifted lazily across the air. From buildings round about the centuries looked down upon a scene as strange and fair as any they had witnessed. This indeed was England, immemorial, immutable, lovely and gracious beyond all telling. Thus there lay, grouped among the trees of Peterhouse Grove in Cambridge, some six hundred men and women in Toc H, serene and happy in the enjoyment of the place and its enchantment. The cares of jobs, failures and anxieties, Branch and Group politics, were left behind, and all surrendered to the magic of the moment. But ever and anon that company was touched, gently, insistently, by a chilling hand, as word came from Toc H Overseas of things that seemed now to belong to another world—the world of poverty, unemployment and distress; of spiritual bankruptcy within Toc H; of units straying like lost sheep; of lack of leadership and guidance; of Toc H in whole continents wavering in the balance. With breath-taking bluntness one of these men after another gave us the naked truth about Toc H; one after another they opened windows upon wider vistas than we had ever dreamt. We saw it in Australia, in different parts of India, in New Zealand, in America and Canada. And as it listened the company strained forward and grew intent. It was a relief almost when the tale broke off, and on to the odd erection between two stately elms there rose the ever-welcome figure of Clive Carey to fill the afternoon with song and recapture the sweetness and delight of an English summer day. All too soon he finished, and the plain, unvarnished tale went on—Hindley from Chicago—then, a crashing climax, Padre Holmes from Canada; that final talk from Holmes, from its impromptu wit to its burning enthusiasm, will haunt the memory for many months. He finished, and there rose as ever the long-awaited figure of Tubby himself, all unwilling, unprepared and unconnected, but scintillating as only he can be. What he said defied the reporter and the shorthand expert alike. With bewildering rapidity that sparkling mind darted from one outrageous topic to another, scarce mentioning Toc H, yet threading it unmistakably throughout his inconsequential train of metaphor. The speculations of Sir James Jeans upon the probable span of time before the annihilation of the Universe; a cutting from the Police Court News of a local paper; a passage from George Eliot; a description of a great mechanical marvel—this was Tubby at his best. And when it was all over, and we bestirred ourselves and rose, we looked upon our earthly paradise with eyes less conscious of the beauty they beheld, but with ears still burning from the beauty of the things they had heard.

* * * *

There was a fashion in the world of films (those who saw *Beau Geste* will remember) whereby the climax of the film came first, and we beheld for a fleeting instant the finish of the story before we had embarked upon its origins; the film would then dutifully retrace its steps, behave in a normal fashion, and lead inexorably to the now familiar ending, leaving the audience lost in wonder at the ingenuity and dramatic sense of those who made it.

This glimpse of a Family Gathering in Toc H was the climax of a singularly delightful Summer Festival at Cambridge, held by the Eastern Area, and used as an opportunity for welcoming Overseas members home on summer leave. The "mixture" was "as before"—the familiar formula unchanged: a Thanksgiving Service, a Guest-night, and a Family Gathering—the whole hallowed by receiving together of the Holy Communion.

For a Thanksgiving Service the setting of King's College Chapel is unrivalled in magnificence. The Chapel, though not packed in every place, was filled right through to the West Door and some eight or nine hundred people joined in this Act of Praise and Purpose. The scene was set to perfection for those who delight in pageantry, and the most utilitarian mind could not but be stirred by the beauty of it all. Despite the absence of the organ, which is now being dismantled for the first time for 70 odd years, the musical setting also was beyond reproach as this slip, inserted in the Form of Service, will show:—



Orpheus and his lute are famous. No less is King's Chapel and the usually attendant Choir and Organ. Both these are missing. The Choir is "down" and the Organ is down: the first for the vacation, the second for the vacuum cleaner! This necessarily throws more responsibility on to us all. Flute, harp, sackbut, psallery, dulcimer and all kinds of music have come to help fill the gap, but even so we ask you to sing well and truly that this Act of Praise and Purpose may be tunelessly offered.

The Cambridge Guildhall is a singularly unbeautiful building, and on the night of July 9 it was quite extraordinarily hot! But the Guest-night, carried forward on the wings of song, rose superior to both these defects. Denied an organ in King's, we made fullest use of the organ here, and the impromptu community singing at the outset would have roused any meeting from the lethargy that the weather encouraged. Added to this the Meeting was sent off in roaring style by Pat—who throughout the Festival was content to play the fool in a way which meant real hard work. Posing as a pupil of Maskelyne and Devant he produced from behind a screen on the platform, like so many rabbits out of a hat, the august figures of Sir William Campion, Clive Carey, the Mayor of Cambridge, and the Marquess of Salisbury; the trick broke down when the screen was flung aside to reveal the last victim—"The Vicar of All Hallows, Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower"—for Tubby appeared eventually from the back of the Hall, an incredible figure in shirt sleeves and a large red handkerchief.

The programme for the Guest-Night was simple and informal—an unpretentious blend of songs and speeches—but the quality of Clive Carey's singing and of Lord Salisbury's and "Colonel Bill's" talks about Toc H more than justified the absence of anything more elaborate. After a Procession of Lamps and Banners and the Ceremony of Light, Tubby talked for a few minutes before leading Family Prayers. The Bishop of Ely gave The Blessing on the day's endeavour.

The joy of early Communion that morning was very real. Those of the Anglican members who used St. Edward's Church found it beautifully restored—a few who knew the Church before thought it little short of miraculous. And 150 Free Church members, worshipping at St. Columba's were joined with them in the same spirit of thanksgiving and resolve.

The Festival, as far as we who shared in it can judge, was what is called successful; but Cambridge so lent itself to all our needs that it would have been difficult to go far

wrong. The sense of space and leisure which marks the town itself extended to the Festival arrangements. There was never any need to hurry, for it was never more than five minutes' walk to the next place; the billeting arrangements—especially the fortunate ones in College—were excellent; the catering was a delight. The informality and intimacy which breathed throughout the whole week-end make it memorable.

Our Overseas Guests, though few in number—they did not exceed thirty, were an enormous strength to us. Their astonishing straightforwardness and frankness on Sunday afternoon left some of us feeling that Toc H at Home was by comparison somewhat limp! And what they said in a constructive way about the Overseas problem must have thrown fresh light for everyone who heard them.

Often quoted in connection with Toc H Festivals is an odd phrase which Tubby once unearthed somewhere. It was printed twice in the literature of this particular Festival! It is to be found elsewhere quoted in great profusion; it reads: "Festivals," says the *first* book ever printed in England, "are ordayned to serve God onlie. . . ." May this be true of ours. R. E. W.

THE SOUTHERN AREA FESTIVAL AT WINDSOR

EXCEPT for the darkness in the barbican mouth, the castle and grounds at Windsor were ablaze with light and colour, from the scarlet coats of the guard and their sparkling steel to the gay flowers and fresh grass. As the family moved slowly into St. George's Chapel, the saints and old warrior kings looking down from their windows laid over all a carpet of brilliant hues, and shimmering through the air came two familiar melodies, as Sir Walford Davies sat at the organ musing as it were upon the *Inheritance* and the *Pilgrim's Hymn*. At the appropriate moment voices were added, and to the thunder from a thousand throats, the Banners made slow procession up the nave, resting at last in serried profusion against the choir screen. Echos still lingered in the vaulting when the voice of the Founder Padre rang in full volume through the chapel in a Bidding Prayer, "Beloved in Christ, Within this ancient House of God, we, being mindful of the Great Sacrifice out of which we were born, are gathered to dedicate our lives afresh to the service of the Risen Master . . . we hold in rich remembrance noble and gallant lives lived joyfully. . . Many stones await their fashioning. . . I charge you, therefore, to lift up your heads, to stir up your wills and to look wide. . . It is no easy adventure on which you have set out . . . but look outward—outward on the busy, thoughtless world, and on all the vast opportunities awaiting you. Go forth into the highways and byways, and carry to those who have lost their way, the light that has been entrusted to you. And may the Lord go with you." Still standing, all joined antiphonally with Tubby in an act of rededication, interjecting here a swift litany of thanksgiving and there a psalm of praise. Then Harry Blackburne, the King's Chaplain, standing on the choir steps, put into words the fundamental simplicities of the movement, its essential variety and essential unity—"One is your master, even Christ"—and the three tremendous loyalties, to the past, to the present and future, and to Christ, without which all labour is in vain.

Deeply moved, the great congregation rose for the climax of the service, "Light," taken in a form that was profoundly stirring. First, *O Valiant Hearts* (the words were difficult to sing), then *Proudly you gathered* and *Splendid you passed*. At that point were said the words of "Light." A complete stillness fell. Then, almost imperceptibly into the

deep silence was woven a thread of music, and in the unearthly purity of boys' voices this act of remembrance was lifted up to the Elder Brother Himself,

"Long years ago as earth lay dark and still . . .
Christ our Redeemer passed the self-same way . . .
Still stands His Cross, from that dread hour to this . . .
Look down and bless our lesser Calvaries."

Quietly came the charge to all members, and the intense response. Then swiftly the service drew to an end, concluding in the sonority of *Ye watchers and ye holy ones*, and the quiet Benediction. The congregation moved into the nave and up into the choir, blazoned with the glories of our blood and state; there the pomp of heraldry joining with the richness of music filling the air was as a cloak of a new order of chivalry flung over the Movement. So invested, the fraternity, stepping over the tomb of a royal Edward, came into the cool cloisters.

The second act of the evening was staged in a natural theatre in the open-air. The Orangery, a small palace of glass reared against a grey old wall notched with battlements, and its terrace, lay at the bottom of a sloping semi-circle of grass, on which sat the family to eat, to sing under the happy guidance of Sir Walford, to applaud a presentation to Sir Arnold Sillem and to listen to Tubby, who, in a strong voice, broke in upon the silence of nightfall, so that even the statuary on the skyline, stirring from their frozen sleep, appeared to listen. And on the wall the setting sun painted its unreal gold. In that English twilight with only the swallow's whistle and the tramp of a sentry disturbing the stillness, the busy world was hushed and spiritual insight sharpened, a just perspective was restored, and responsibilities shone clear. Those responsibilities were at the core of Tubby's words. Every single soul sheltering under 'this old umbrella of Toc H,' he said, shares the responsibility of the movement which is neither extremist nor opportunist. The demand is for guidance and adequate staffing, at home and overseas. Financial obligation, therefore, is an essential of membership, but not the only one. If it is claimed that Toc H is God's show, each member is entrusted with God's plan, to be fruitful in the cause of Christ, and the obligation is prayer. Tubby's mind flashed round the world, lighting on well remembered names, to whom, unless prayer on their behalf is offered, Toc H is traitor. In magnificent words he called the family to remember the joy of the life to which each was dedicated, how the response of each was the test of character, and how it is the greatest thing in a man's life that he should have a share in the movement now it is young and plastic and full of joy.

In the gathering darkness lit by a few pale stars, all stood to sing *The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended*, and many came back to Tubby's words at the lines:

"The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away."

So was the evening, its serious thought, its fun and its inspiration bound up into a virtuous circle. Then, very softly, the *Nunc Dimittis*, and so to Family Prayers. As the first glimmer of the Lamp wavered in the breeze all the bells of Windsor burst on the silence, filling the air with a sweet jangling, and Tubby's voice came with the words of the look-out as at that time ships were rising to the surge of the seven seas, "All's well Sir; lamps are burning brightly." With a quiet crunch on the gravel the family was gone, leaving the glimmering statues and lawns to the darkness. L. W. W.



THE SCENE AT THE ORANGERY.



A CORNER OF THE CROWD.



Photo. Russell.

You are
Plummer
—

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Herbert Viscount Plumer of Messines : A President of Toc H

THE passing of Lord Plumer on July 16, at the age of 75, deprived England not only of a fine soldier and administrator but of a great Christian gentleman. It has left Toc H the poorer not merely by the loss of one of its original Presidents, but of the man whose insight sustained Talbot House in its unique position for three years in Poperinghe and whose sincere confidence in Toc H and deep affection for it has never failed since. He never concealed his belief in us, publicly or privately. His advice and his opinion were greatly valued and were ours for the asking at vital moments. He was no mere figure-head in Toc H, but a loyal member doing his part.

Of his public career this is not the place to speak in much detail. With a commission in the York and Lancaster Regiment, he first saw active service in the Sudan; in the Matabele rising in 1896 he won distinction with the mounted corps he had himself raised; three or four years later he was commanding the Rhodesian Frontier Force in the South African War, and some of us, as schoolboys, were wearing "Col. Plumer's" portrait proudly on buttonhole badges. He came home at last, a major-general at 45, and commanded Divisions in England and Ireland, and in 1911 he took over the Northern Command. Then came the Great War. He went out on New Year's Day, 1915, and from the first was associated particularly with the Ypres Salient. As commander of the V Corps he had to meet the first gas-attack on April 22 and to bear the brunt of the Second Battle of Ypres which followed it. For a short time he held the Salient with what was called "Plumer's Force"; and then, on May 6, he was put in command of the Second Army which was to give him his opportunity and his fame as a soldier. In the following year began that happy partnership, not often equalled in military history, between him and another fine Toc H member, his Chief of Staff, Sir Charles ("Tim") Harington. The history of the defence of Ypres—with the exception of its First Battle in 1914 and four winter months in 1917 when he was leading four British divisions in Italy—is the story of Lord Plumer's command. The Battle of Messines in the Summer of 1917 is his above all: it will probably always be reckoned the most faultless military operation of the War. The patient precision of the vast preparations, the courageous decisions, the success of the terrific climax when the explosion of nineteen mines (one of their craters now our Toc H "Pool of Peace") dislodged the enemy from miles of vital ground, depended ultimately on the wise judgment and the inflexible will of the Army Commander at Cassel. From the Second Army's few months in Italy, comparatively uneventful but enough to restore the Italians' broken fortunes, Lord Plumer returned to the Salient in the fateful March, '18, in time for the tremendous events of the last "Big Push." Under its pressure he had to face the bitterness of withdrawing the troops from the Passchendaele Ridge, which had cost the lives of 100,000 men to win—but he held Ypres, in its semi-circle of fire. Kemmel fell, Army H.Q. had to be abandoned—but the Army Commander still met his daily staff conference with the words "Gentlemen, there is no cause for alarm." His confidence was justified, the onslaught slackened and ceased—and gradually the tide turned to victory. With the Armistice the Second Army, already fighting its way many miles East of Ypres, had the honour of marching up to hold the Rhine. Those of us who, with our own eyes, saw Lord Plumer standing on the Hohenzollern Bridge at Cologne, his hand, almost for hours on end, at the salute to the veterans of the Second Army crossing the Rhine, felt that he had greatly earned that crowning hour of a soldier's life.

Let military historians fill in the details of Lord Plumer's army career. Some people called him "lucky"—but such dogged, painstaking, unremitting method and calm courage is not of the same stuff as sheer luck. His successes bore the imprint, not only of sound soldiering but of a splendid character. The Olympians, dwelling miles back at Army Headquarters, are apt to be a mere legend to those in the front line: if fighting men remember them at all it is usually with the emphatic reverse of sympathy or respect. But "old Plum" was different. Unlike most of those in the highest commands, he was himself an infantryman by training: he knew the "footslogger" first-hand, understood him and sympathised deeply with his hardships. He had the reputation of never undertaking a rash and hasty operation, of not shrinking from hard and dangerous things but of not throwing away lives where they could be spared. In the darkest and most critical days the Army Commander not only never failed to face his staff, unperturbed, in council at 8 o'clock in the morning or to retire to bed at 10 p.m.: he was seen—that unmistakable red face and snow-white moustache—in dangerous places here or there during the day by the common soldier. And his steady confidence was infectious—it filtered down through all ranks. The Second Army was conscious of him and very proud of him: in consequence it had a special consciousness and pride in itself. History will not say that he was a military genius: those who served under him will say something better—that he was a good man.

Using a Toc H figure, we may truly claim that Lord Plumer not only knew but *lived* the "Four Points of the Compass." He was widely loved because he "loved widely." The circumstance which brought him inside Talbot House at Poperinghe for the first time was characteristic: it was an indication not merely of thoughtfulness which might be reckoned "unconventional" in a man of his rank, but of genuine affection, deep-down, for his fellow-men. Here is the incident, in 'Tubby's words:—

"Here is the hall (of Talbot House), where Lord Plumer stood with a Canadian sergeant, whom he had picked up by the Menin Gate. The sergeant's leave had come through and he was tramping down to the railhead when the Army Commander encountered him and carried him into Poperinghe, talking to him meanwhile. When they reached Talbot House, Pettifer" (Tubby's batman) "came to me, adjusted my uniform, and led me to my first interview with the Commander-in-Chief of Flanders, the man who, under God, held Ypres from first to last.

"'Good evening,' he said, 'I've got a sergeant here, who needs a bed and food. Please treat him as my guest in Talbot House. How are you getting on? All right? . . . Good-night.'"

And he gave the world a notable example of "thinking fairly." The intervention of British troops in Italy in 1917 was clearly a delicate matter, and everyone agreed that the choice of Lord Plumer to lead them could not have been bettered. The Italian army, temporarily demoralised by their *débacle* at Caporetto, discovered him at once to be not only a soldier able to restore the situation but a most tactful ally and a charming friend. The occupation of the Rhine in 1918 was another difficult duty, calling for much more than mere sternness. It is no secret that the good order, growing gradually into good relations between victor and vanquished, which obtained in the Cologne bridgehead contrasted sharply with those among our Allies further South; it did not need a sensitive man to feel the difference in passing from one zone to the other. Compared with the continual irritations of some other parts of the occupied area and the fierce dissensions which tore unoccupied Germany, people in the British zone led a tranquil, almost a

normal, life. And it was Lord Plumer who set the pace for us. One of his first acts, strongly supported by the public opinion of all ranks of the Army and deeply appreciated by the civil population, was his telegram to the Peace Conference asking that the hungry people of the occupied area should be fed from Allied resources. He did not tolerate injustice or inhumanity, any more than he did the least slackness. The Germans soon found that they could not break the rules without severe penalty, but that, if they kept them, there was always fair dealing. And so, paradox as it may seem, the "Rhine Army" proved to be as good a peace mission as we could have sent: the old Second Army made conquests of a new kind, winning something near affection at last from its late enemies.* On his return home, Lord Plumer, therefore, was not destined to retired idleness. He was marked down as an ambassador of fair-play. In June, 1919, he was appointed Governor of Malta, which at the time was seething with discontent. The islanders received him with outspoken hostility. A year later he had so far won their allegiance to his peaceable programme, that a new constitution, with local self-government, could be granted to the island. At the end of his term of office the newly elected legislature of Malta petitioned that he might remain, and when at last illness sent him home he "left Malta in 1924" (in the words of a Maltese Minister) "amidst the acclamation of the population, receiving from them the grandest send-off that was ever given to a representative of His Majesty." He was not allowed long to rest, for in May, 1925, he was sent out to Palestine as High Commissioner. Once more he had to face a most difficult situation, due mainly to the fierce animosities of Jew and Arab. By his fair thinking about both races and his skilful and firm hand, he drew them closer together, and after three years, somewhat interrupted by ill-health, he left a country happier than he found it. Thus late in life did a fine soldier turn diplomat—yet never in the narrow and tortuous sense which clogs the word 'diplomacy.' His way was fearless and, above all, fair.

Sure it is, also, that Lord Plumer "witnessed humbly." He advanced in his career by sheer devotion to the work in hand, for he never at any point thrust himself forward. Honours came to him but he bore them easily, and a Toc H member now recalls having seen recently an official document to which Lord Plumer had every right to sign himself "Field Marshal, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.B.E., G.C.V.O.," and so on, but preferred to write after his name the one word "Soldier." When the victorious advance through Flanders began in 1918, under the supreme command of the King of the Belgians, there were many who resented the appointment of a French Chief of Staff, considering that Lord Plumer for four years had borne the burden and heat of the war on that front, but he himself accepted a subordinate place with complete loyalty. Humility lay at the root of that dignity which was obviously his. Of his "humble witness" in the deepest things those nearest to him could say much—were it not too intimate a subject. One instance may give the key to this. A member of his staff has told how one day he went across to Lord Plumer's modest house on the slope of Cassel Hill to fetch him to a critical conference at Army Headquarters: not at first finding the Army Commander, he looked into his bedroom and there found him preparing for the great decisions of the hour—on his knees beside his bed. Padres still bear witness that when he summoned them to an Army Chaplains' conference he spoke to them not as general but like a real father in God. And the thousands at home who listened-in to the unveiling ceremony

* This telegram which reached our Headquarters on the day after his death is surely significant: "Much sympathy on the heavy loss Toc H and England sustain by Lord Plumer's death.—Berlin Grove." And this note from an individual German ex-officer: "In your double capacity of Toc H friends and ex-officers of the British Army in Flanders, I wish to assure you of my deep sympathy at the death of a noble President and the gallant defender of Ypres."

at the Menin Gate in 1927 had the strong impression that it was Lord Plumer personally who saved the event from being a rather formal and cautious ecclesiastical service: it was left to him to strike the note of Resurrection hope—none will forget his ringing voice: “These men are not dead, they are here.”

No one can doubt that he “built bravely,” in the words of the fourth “Point of the Compass.” Genius was denied him, but if genius be indeed “the infinite capacity for taking pains” it was his. He was extraordinarily punctual and precise, but his success depended on much more than merely keeping to the book. He saw the big thing that had to be done—whether it were the liberation of the Messines Ridge or the achievement of a constitution for Malta—and he laid firm foundations for it and built patiently upward step by step until the whole edifice was complete. His courage and his calmness before great obstacles won men’s allegiance; he was a good leader in high enterprises, because he understood men and loved them. Especially he believed in youth—and so he himself remained young of heart. Speaking to a great Festival audience of Toc H in the Albert Hall in 1928, he said: “When I was in command of the British Army of Occupation in Cologne there was sent out to me a number of battalions composed of young men of 18 and 19. They were a wonderful sight. . . . I have not had such another striking impression until last Saturday when I saw, *first* in Westminster Abbey, a body of young men drawn together there, following the beautiful service with reverence, clearly impressed by the sacredness of the atmosphere and their surroundings, and equally determined to try to render service worthy of the traditions which that atmosphere illustrated.” At that Thanksgiving in the Abbey there had occurred an incident which may be counted as a parable of Lord Plumer’s instinct of leadership in a cause he loved. It is thus recorded in the JOURNAL:—

“While the leading files (of the Procession of Banners) still halted in the choir an incident, unexpected, unrehearsed, and by most unrealised, took place. The oaken door of Lord Plumer’s choir stall was heard to bang open and he was seen to be moving out. What had happened? Was he suddenly unwell? The next moment, with a Toc H steward helping to clear a narrow lane before him, he was pushing his way up between the files of standing Banner-bearers until he reached the head of the column. He placed himself thus at the head of ‘the troops,’ and so led Toc H on its processional march right round the Abbey. Probably few of those in the body of the church who saw Lord Plumer pass by, realised that this was not ‘according to the book.’ It was a gesture of his own, most fitting and surely touching. He saw young men on the march again, as ten years before, and he must be leading them; they were to pay their homage at the Unknown Warrior’s grave, and he, who had known so many such men, must be among the foremost there.”

An inspiring leader has left us, a wise counsellor, a fine member of our Family, a true servant of God. With proud thanksgiving we will remember him. And to Lady Plumer, also a true lover of Toc H, goes our heartfelt sympathy. B. B.

Walter C. Dyer, Leytonstone Branch

WALTER DYER, of Leytonstone, knew the Old House in Poperinghe and was a Foundation Member of Toc H. His death came very suddenly while he was on a job at the Leyton Borough Carnival. In him the Branch loses a good member of its Executive, and a man of simple, steady faith.

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE LAMP

We are very glad to be able to offer to a wider circle of readers the graphic sketches of the history of the Lamp which appeared in serial form in the little Bournemouth District Toc H Magazine between November, 1931, and June, 1932. They are from the pen of F. W. ROBINS, F.R.G.S. ("Flints"), of Bournemouth Branch, to whom our thanks are due. The drawings, which are now added, are mainly of lamps in the collection of the Editor of the Toc H JOURNAL.

1. The Coming of the Lamp

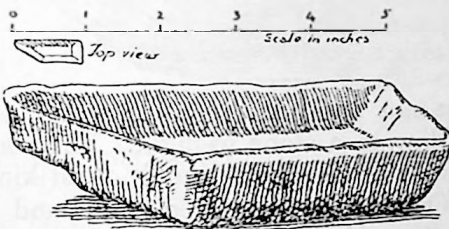
IT had been a good day. Game had been plentiful and the traps full. The crackling fire in the cave was welcome, for the chilly night was closing in, and Og thought, in a slow stodgy way, of the tale his grandfather used to tell of the way in which some ancestor of divine status had learnt to make a fire. Despite the shelter of the cave, it would be uncomfortable, to say the least, without one now.

There was an appetising smell of roast meat in the neighbourhood of the fire, for a small sheep was cooking over it. Og, idly watching, saw splashes of fat dropping into the fire and a blue flame seemed to run along the twigs where the fat dropped. There was a lump of moss on one of the twigs. Og, grown man though he was, had the curiosity of a child, and pulled away the stick with the moss on it. It still burned with a blue flicker and did not seem to want to go out. Og turned it this way and that until suddenly the moss fell off.

There was a stone near the edge of the fire, with a curious hollow in the top of it, in which some of the fat from the end of the carcase had formed a pool. Into this the mass dropped with a slight splash, and rested over the edge of the stone. Og watched it idly; it was still burning. He pulled the stone away from the fire with a sudden movement and then pushed it further and further away with a piece of wood. It amused him to see the splash of light it took with it into the darkness around. It seemed to him that the light was burning more brightly now. Og was too drowsy to trouble about it and dozed; he left the stone in a dark corner where it threw rays of feeble light on the nearby walls of the cave.

He awoke at the sound of a low growl. The fire would keep away the roving beasts, he knew, but the growl was that of the half-tamed dog which he had trained to hunt and keep guard, and it was full of suspicion. A quick glance around, full of alarm, and then Og laughed—a hoarse guffaw of relief and amusement. Bir, the dog, was growling at something he did not understand. Neither

The Drawing shows the prehistoric form of stone lamp as still used among the Esquimos. This specimen, which is hollowed out of "soapstone" (steatite), smooth and almost black in colour, was brought from an Esquimo igloo (snow hut) on Coronation Gulf by Inspector La Nauze of the Canadian North West Mounted Police in 1915 and given to Tubby in 1925: it now rests beside the Prince's Lamp in All Hallows. (For its story see "The Long Trail" in the JOURNAL, June, 1932).



did Og quite understand, but he knew enough to see no cause for fear. Had he not himself put that little fire in the corner? Og stretched out his hand. The stone was quite cool now. Yet the moss, greasy but unconsumed, one end resting in the little pool of fat, was all the fuel there was to make the flame.

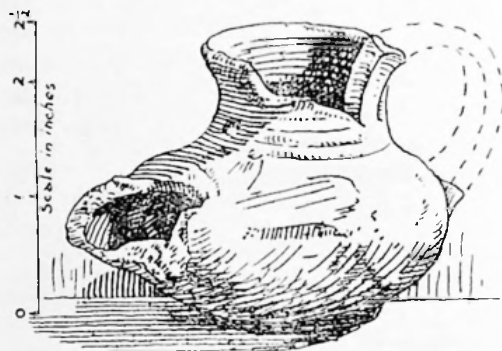
Og picked the stone up carefully, and the light moved with it. He walked about, and the light came too. Step by step he passed slowly into the inner recesses of the cave and the darkness was lessened as he went.

A hollowed-out stone, a pool of fat, and a piece of moss gave him a little fire to carry and give light wherever he went! Into the corner of his brain where he kept useful discoveries, this one went. The first lamp had come!

2. The Lamp "Goes to Pot"

THE potter was working late. Grudgingly he had let the rest of the family cease work—the woman to cook the evening meal, and the children because they were working badly, possibly not without design.

The daylight had gone and he was making his pots by the light of a stone lamp whose fitful gleam showed him only one side of his work. Barbarian though



he was, he took a pride in these children of his hands and it went against the grain that, in order that he might sell his pots at the meeting place of the tracks to-morrow he must work under conditions that did not help towards perfection. True, he could make a pot blindfolded, but it irritated him not to be able to examine the pot carefully, critically, before it went to the firing.

Light he must have, more light. Oil he had in plenty, wicks were soon formed,

but not another stone lamp had he, and it would take too long to chip out a hollow in a stone to-night. But why a stone lamp? Did not his bowls and other vessels of clay hold liquids of all kinds? Why not then make a lamp of clay?

Quickly he rose from the stand on which he was making his pots. Quickly he formed a rough bowl from a small piece of clay. Now for the wick. In his haste he touched the stone and displaced the wick in it. A thought suddenly crossed his mind—a stone lamp could not be bent, but clay could. Why not make a place for the wick so that it would not be so easily disturbed? How should it be done? He pinched one side of the soft clay bowl experimentally—and behold, a place for the wick!

Truly, necessity is the mother of invention. For to-night he must use the clay as it was, but to-morrow he would make lamps and more lamps and fire them hard, and he would sell them to his neighbours and to the merchants when they came again. Then perhaps one day riches—live stock, ornaments, woven things—would be his; but there was no Patent Law in Ancient Days!

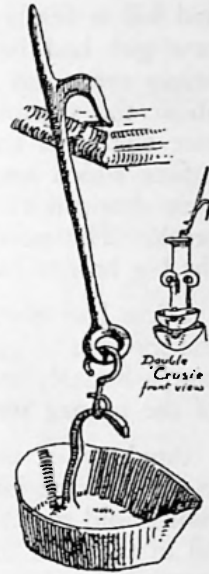
The Drawing depicts a primitive pottery lamp, made before the Christian era. It was brought home from a catacomb at Orvieto, Italy, by Tubby in 1926 (H.Q. Collection).

3. The Lamp of Iron

Our in the woodlands phosphorescent eyes were beginning to gleam among the trees, as the wolves came out to prowl. Human life there was none, and the cattle had been driven from their feeding grounds into the safety of the ditched, banked and stockaded village. The timber gates had been closed and the work of hunting, tending the cattle and ploughing the patches of cultivated land had finished for the day.

Inside the stockade, each little round hut had a tail of smoke from the wood fire trailing through the apex of the roof. It was not in a hurry to come out, in fact much of it was wandering around the inside of the hut, causing the children's eyes to smart and making their grubby little faces even dirtier. Still, they did not spend much time inside, except when the evenings were dark and cold. They were inside now, for the weather was like that of a British summer 2,000 years later; besides, the evening meal was nearly ready and they cast longing eyes on the hearth, where the meat was turning on a spit and where coarse cakes of meal were cooking on the hot stones. It was too dark to see much of their expressions, but their figures were dimly visible, for a light hung in the hut.

A woman came to tend the lamp. One of the children had lit it without seeing to its replenishing and the oil had been low. It was an iron lamp, with two pear-shaped open saucers tapering to spouts, each spout holding a wick, the inner end of which floated on the oil in the receptacle. The lower saucer was at the bottom of an iron stem, and above it the upper saucer hung on a bracket projecting from the stem, at the top of which was a movable rod which could be stuck into the wall or centre post of the hut at right angles, or suspended by a hook at the top in perpendicular fashion. The woman poured fat from a blackish pottery receptacle into the lower saucer. The upper one she thought might be left, so she tilted it on the ratchet arrangement of the bracket, to concentrate the oil at one end, and left it. In this way the last drop of oil would be used, and she thought proudly to herself of the example of economy which they, the Picts, were showing to other races.



* * * *

The woman and her children have perished long ago, but that Celtic lamp of iron has carried its smelly light from night to night through the ages, in the outlying parts of these islands, in the Scandinavian lands, and elsewhere, for full 2,000 years. Within the last century it has died a lingering death. The lamp has gone, but the land of the Picts has not forgotten its lesson of economy!

The Drawing shows a Scotch "Crusie" in its simplest form, with a rod and hook which can be hung on any ledge or loop (H.Q. Collection). The smaller sketch shows a double "Crusie."

4. The Lamps of Rome

SCENE—*A Villa, anywhere in the Roman Empire, in the early days of the Christian era.*

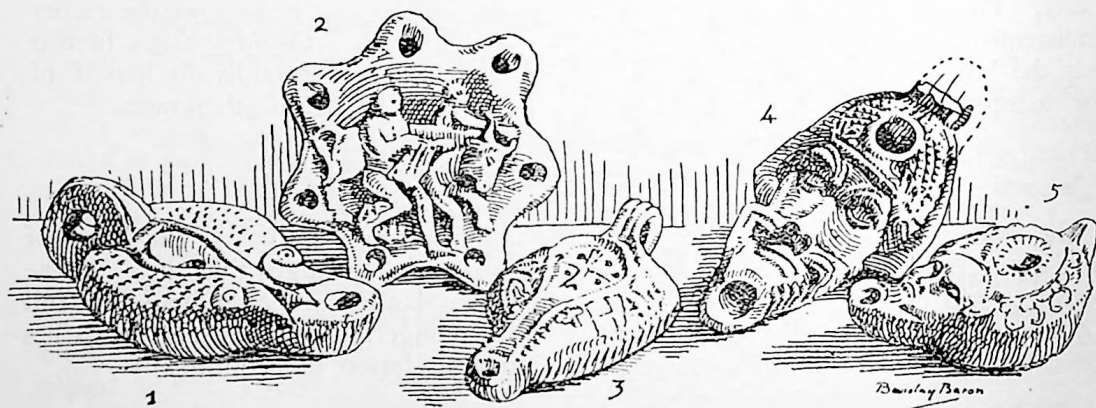
*

THE mistress of the house had many things to do in her big household. There were provisions to store, the daily routine to supervise, the meals to look to—servants were lax, slaves were lazy, and the native tradesmen crafty.

Now there were the lamps to be seen to. Only yesterday, her lord and master had lost a fibula in a moment of haste, because the lamps were few. Since that new girl had been brought into the household she had broken a pottery lamp nearly every day and even a bronze one was missing. It did not matter so much about the commonplace terra-cotta lamps, but why need she have broken that nice one with the picture of the circus on it? Or that tiny one in the form of a face which used to amuse Lucia so much when she was a toddler? She had even dropped that one with the sacrifice scene upon it but luckily that did not break. The new girl was so careless that she could not even trust her to clean the big bronze lamp that hung in the Tablinum.

Lucia had always had an eye for decorated lamps. To-day, instead of leaving the servants to go to the market or the potter to call, she had set out to select new lamps herself, and likely enough she would pick over the pottery stores and those of the bronze workers, to select one here and another there.

Anyhow, it was just a matter of more lamps. There was plenty of olive oil in the storage jars with which to feed them. The lamp on the altar of the lares (household gods) needed replenishing. Lydia must be told about putting too much oil in the filler and spilling it about the place. That lamp with several spouts was certainly an improvement; it used a fair amount of oil, but less in proportion to



the single-spouted lamps, and it certainly gave a much better light, especially now that it stood upon a stand.

Ah, Lucia at last!

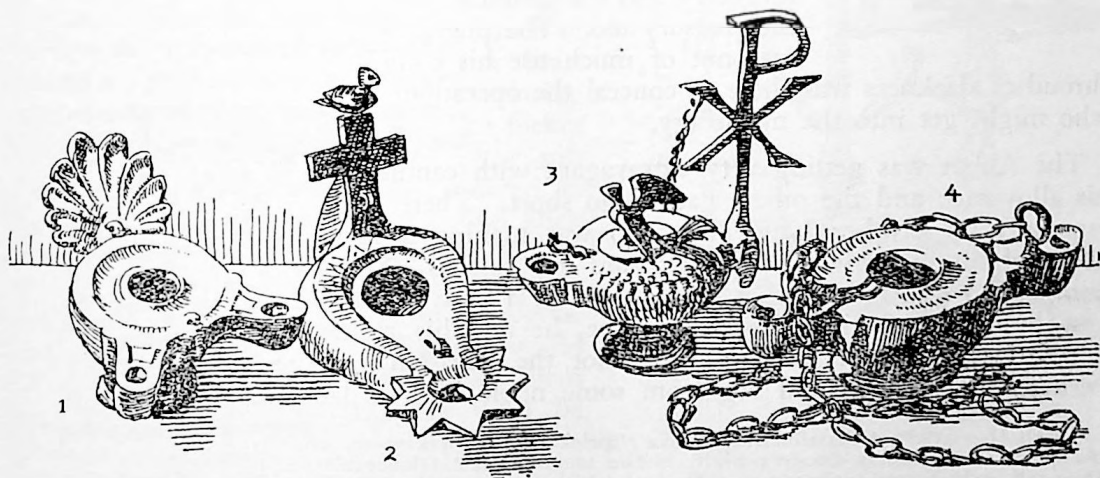
"What a pretty lamp you have there, Lucia, and this one too! This is a nice big one and should give a good light. I like those with the acanthus leaf over the handle. But what is this bronze one? An eagle—no, a dove. A dove? I don't like that, Lucia. It is a sign of those rebel people who call themselves Christians and who do not pay divine honours to the Emperor as they should."

"But the man had such new kinds of lamps, mother. I have never seen them like that before. There was one with a fish on it, and some had Greek letters on them."

"Greek letters? The sign of Christos, I expect! The man must be a Christian. Truly, your father must hear of this!"

The sign of the Fish, the Dove, the Lamb and the Chi Rho paved the way for the all-conquering Cross, emblem of the Light of the World, which later was seen on the little lamps also, and the heathen gods lost their places there as elsewhere.

Two series of Roman lamps are here illustrated—all from H.Q. Collection. The first set (see opposite page) are of terra-cotta, the second (below) of bronze. *Terra-cotta lamps*: (1) First century, A.D., inscribed on the bottom with the potter's name "C. Corurs." Found at Baiae, near Naples (given by Christopher Ogle); (2) Lamp for seven wicks, with relief of a bull being led to sacrifice by two men; (3) Early Christian lamp, with Cross on top, and Greek inscription round the sides TRIS HAGIOS—"Thrice Holy." (Given by the Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford); (4) Lamp in the form of a moustached and bearded man's head; (5) Lamp with relief of a satyr's face. *Bronze Lamps* (1) Double-wick lamp, handle of Greek "honeysuckle" shape; (2) Early Christian lamp with the Cross surmounted by the Dove as handle, and Star round wick-hole; (3) Early Christian lamp, with XP (*Chi Rho*, the first two letters in Greek of the name *Christos*) on a ram's head for handle and the Dove on the lid. This was the pattern on which the L.W.H. Lamp was modelled (see page 307); Lamp with wick-holder at each end, and swans to hold the chain. (N.B.—All these bronze lamps were intended to hang up, as well as to stand, and the rings for a chain can be seen on each).

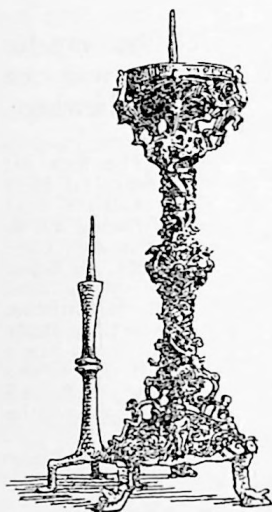


5. The Lamps of Learning

(In the Middle Ages, the monasteries were places of refuge for learning and the arts).

THE Sacristan heaved a sigh.

It had been a busy day. The sheep had been lean this year, so the tallow from the kitchen had been little enough in all conscience, and those rascals of tallow chandlers had asked a heavy price for the additional supplies that were needed. And the wax, too. The sacristan was a conscientious man according to, and with, his lights, and while he did not care two hoots of an owl in the old elm trees how the candles he served out to the monks stank and spluttered, he would have been aghast at the idea of burning before his Lord or Our Lady anything but the very finest wax, however it swelled his expenditure.



Well, to-morrow he would bargain with the candlemakers as to the making of the candles, and the kitchener must provide for their subsistence while they were in the monastery.

To-day's work was done and Compline had been said. There remained, before he partook of the collation, but the round of the monastery to see that the lights were all lit and properly placed. A stone cresset must be in each of the four walks of the cloister, properly filled with fat and provided with a cotton wick. Stone cressets, reminiscent of the cavemen's stone lamps, should be in the Church, one in the Nave, one at the entrance to the Choir, and one at the Sanctuary steps. The fixed cresset in the slype must be kept alight, for the passage was dark for those going to the infirmary and the grounds beyond. There was the light in the treasury too. The plate was very valuable now, and it was not of much use his carefully locking it away if the shroud of darkness was there to conceal the operations of picklocks and marauders who might get into the monastery.

The Abbot was getting very extravagant with candles. Twice he had exceeded his allowance and the others had to go short. There had been much grumbling, especially by Brother Lawrence, who was making a new book and was in the midst of illuminating it with gold and gay colours. Still, the Abbot must entertain. Who knows but what it might mean a new Cloth for the Altar? Or even new lands? Last time the King came, he and his men ate the value of many Altar Cloths! That, however, was not the sacristan's affair; the candles were. Perhaps the Abbot could beg from some noble lord or lady a pair of silver gilt

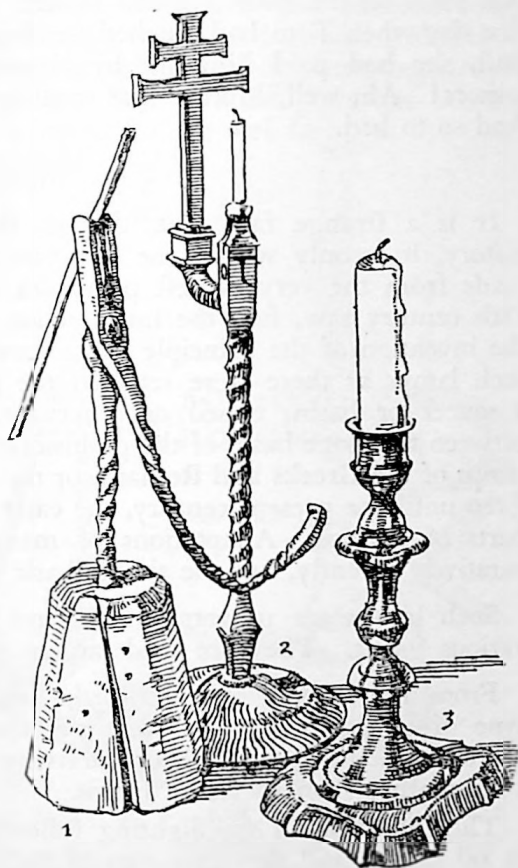
Both the candlesticks illustrated have "prickets" or spikes, on which the candle was stuck. The larger one (nearly two-feet high) is the magnificent "Gloucester Candlestick," of bell-metal silver-gilt, which was given about A.D. 1110 to Gloucester Cathedral by Abbot Peter. It is now in the South Kensington Museum. The smaller one is the simplest type of pricket.

candlesticks for the Altar of Our Lady. The pricket on one of the old candlesticks was very badly bent when that stupid novice let it fall, and even if it were true that the Cistercians used such poor material as pewter and iron for their candlesticks he was not going to have it done in this Abbey. His brother sacristan at the Abbey in the next valley was using the new socket candlesticks, but he did not think it was seemly to depart from tradition, which would probably go on for centuries. Everything seemed in order. Now for a snack and a glass of wine from the cellarer's best, and then to lock up.

6. Candles in the Wind

THE sedan chair came to a halt outside a big stone house in Soho, and Mistress Janet stepped daintily out on to the cobbles, while the link-boy banged the heavy and grotesque knocker on the massive door. In an instant, as if by magic, the door was opened, and the lady disappeared from the gaze of the chair-men as it swung to again. Meanwhile, the link-boy had thrust his torch into the extinguisher beside the doorway and the dancing flame went out.

Inside the house, Mistress Janet flung herself wearily upon the Chippendale sofa. How she had looked forward to this life in London town when her girlish horizon was bounded by hills and hedges! Perhaps even now she would not like to give it up altogether, but there were times when she longed for the peace and quietness of her old country home. Even the light of the many candles on the great candelabra in the centre of the room, which had seemed to her so brilliant and entrancing when she first saw them, seemed to lack the softness and the shadowy romance of the candles in the pair of heavy brass candlesticks which lit the old withdrawing room at home. How they used to flicker and make strange shapes when the soft breeze of a summer night wandered in through the open casements! Old Dick used to call the capering shadows "candle ghosts." Old Dick! She used to love to see him making his dips and rushlights. How skilfully and carefully he would peel the rushes and then patiently dip them into the fat again and again until he



The Drawing shows (1) a very simple old English rushlight, of twisted iron, stuck into a rough base of oak: the whole measures about 10 inches high; (2) The Toc H Rushlight of bronze, the symbol of a Group, surmounted by the Ypres Double Cross; (3) A Candlestick, brass, of the Queen Anne period (all in Editor's Collection).

had the thickness that he wanted. The bigger and longer candles he used to make differently. She could see him now, driving his bar into the box of sand, and then, holding the wick upright in the middle of the hole he had made, and pouring the fat down it. His candles were yellower than these, for they could not afford the finest wax then and had to use tallow. What did that matter? They were of Dick's making, while these—who knew who made these, and who cared?

The candlesticks of the old home, too, seemed almost human in their personality—the tall candlesticks that lit the living rooms, and the shorter candlesticks, with round or square saucers to them, and handles, that lit one's way to bed; those had sliding arrangements, so that one could raise the shortening candle and make the most of it. Then there were the iron candlesticks that father brought from the ironworks in Sussex, and that curious spiral twisted pair that he said had come down from their Jacobean ancestors. She wondered if the big rushlight holder that stood on the floor was still in use. It was funny how vividly she remembered that day when Tom had pinched her finger in one of the smaller rushlight holders! Still, she had paid him out by clipping his nice curly hair with the snuffing scissors! Ah, well, Mullins was waiting with the extinguisher to put the lights out. And so to bed.

7. Modern Lights

It is a strange fact that, though the lamp was invented so early in man's history, it is only within the last two centuries that any material departure was made from the very earliest principles on which the lamp was based. Until the 18th century saw, first the introduction of flat wicks in a metal casing, and later the invention of the principle of the modern oil lamp by a Swiss chemist, Argand, such lamps as there were retained the primitive principle of the floating wick in a saucer or basin, closed or otherwise, of oil. There is no essential difference between the stone basin of the prehistoric man and the classical and highly decorated lamps of the Greeks and Romans, or the Crusie type of lamp and its many relations. Even until the present century, the early principle was still in use in many outlying parts of Europe. Adaptations of many kinds there were and have been comparatively recently, but the simple basic principle remained.

Such lamps are universal, and have been used in all parts of the World, in various forms. They are used largely in the East to-day.

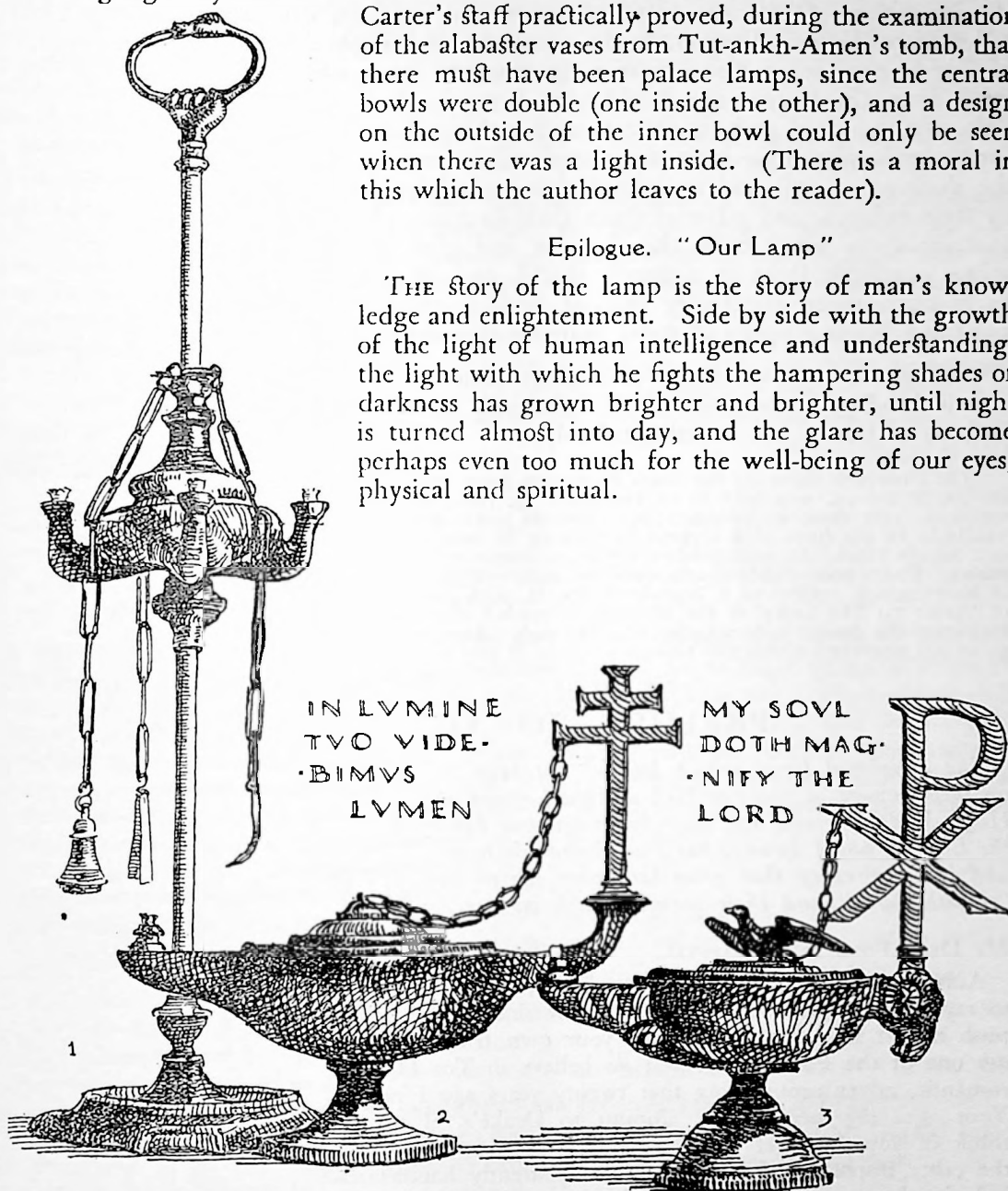
From the middle ages onward, however, until the invention of the modern type of oil lamp, candles were perhaps in more general use, and there are far more candlesticks depicted or surviving from periods up to about the end of the 18th century than there are lamps.

The invention of gas lighting followed close on the heels of the improvement in oil lamps, and the early part of the 19th century saw its rapid adoption in the bigger towns and cities. Less than a hundred years later came the incandescent mantle. The eighth decade of the 19th century saw the inception of electric lighting.

That there are still a few things we can learn from the ancients, however, is shewn by the comparatively recent adoption of the principle of softening and diffusing light by means of alabaster or imitation alabaster bowls. Mr. Howard Carter's staff practically proved, during the examination of the alabaster vases from Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb, that there must have been palace lamps, since the central bowls were double (one inside the other), and a design on the outside of the inner bowl could only be seen when there was a light inside. (There is a moral in this which the author leaves to the reader).

Epilogue. "Our Lamp"

THE story of the lamp is the story of man's knowledge and enlightenment. Side by side with the growth of the light of human intelligence and understanding, the light with which he fights the hampering shades of darkness has grown brighter and brighter, until night is turned almost into day, and the glare has become perhaps even too much for the well-being of our eyes, physical and spiritual.



What then of our Lamp? Is it a throw-back to the days of primitive and shortsighted ignorance? Man, in his desire to see afar off and in the accomplishment of that desire, has lost something of the concentration on closer things which the limitation of horizon enforced upon him, and in extinguishing the glaring lights of modern civilisation, in the ceremony of "Light," that the one little flame of Toc H may reign alone among the shadows for a while, we turn our thoughts away from the busy outer world, and inward. It is a connecting link with the past—not the dead past, if there is such a thing, but the *past* of living souls whose earthly task was done long since, and who, questing pioneers, fought age to age the shadows of evil and ignorance that we might gain by their discoveries, profit by their failures, and advance from their stopping places. It is also a call to quiet contemplation, away from the clamour and glare of our modern civilisation. So shines our little light in a gaudy world, and its dimness allows the light within us to burn more effectually than it finds a chance of doing amid the flashing signs and blazing lights of more material surroundings.

Our light is the pure flame of concentration and meditation which has no period and is kindly to the eyes of all mankind. It shall burn within us too, dimly perhaps at times, but inextinguishably.

F. W. R.

The Drawings show (1) the brass Florentine lamp from which the "Prince's Lamp," parent of all Toc H Lamps, was first lit on December 15, 1922, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The oil container, with three wick-holders, is adjustable to any height on the centre rod. The grip of the handle is in the form of a serpent swallowing its own tail (an ancient symbol of eternity), held in a human hand. An extinguisher, a pair of simple pincers and a pricker for the wick hang from chains. The whole stands nearly two-feet high. (H.Q. Collection); (2) The bronze Toc H Lamp of Maintenance, symbol of a Branch of Toc H, with the handle surmounted by the Double Cross of Ypres; (3) The Lamp of the Magnificat, symbol of a Branch of the Toc H League of Women Helpers. The design is based closely on an early Christian model (see page 303). The two mottoes given are engraved round the tops of the Toc H and L.W.H. Lamps respectively.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE

The delightful letter which follows has been sent to Bobs Ford and Harry Chappell on their voyage in the Far East and half round the world (see July JOURNAL, p. 261) by Hugh Walpole, who has recently joined our family. Hugh Walpole, as every lover of the English novel knows, has transferred his home from the South to the Lake District, and is interpreting that great landscape for us on a large canvas in "Rogue Herries," "Judith Paris," and their sequel, which we are eagerly expecting.

MY DEAR FORD AND CHAPPELL,

ALTHOUGH I have met only one of you, yet you will I hope allow me, very humbly, to say how greatly I envy you and how sincerely I wish you well. I have no right to push myself into the intimacy of your own friends who know you as I cannot, but I *am* one of the Family Party. I *do* believe in Toc H, and you are both doing just the romantic, adventurous thing that twenty years ago I prayed to be allowed to do myself. Your ages together do not amount to Drake's. I myself feel dreadfully old when I think of you, and yet you have thrown up—one of you a terribly well-earned holiday, the other important studies—for this apparently haphazard expedition. I say haphazard only in the sense of the things that you will pick up and collect—a flock of red-tailed monkeys, an island slipping along the horizon like a purple lizard, Chinese Temples and

a jade river as quiet as a village Church on a Sunday morning, shops with radio-sets, joss-sticks and charms against premature old age, greeting a new post on an early fine morning. . . Hospitality everywhere, insects and too talkative interruptions; kind humbug and brusque honesty; headaches, infinite boredom; sudden enchanting moments of gaiety, meeting in a moment of astonished surprise someone to whom you belong; pompous speeches; too much sententious solemnity; the wrong facetiousness; a consciousness—through crimson-feathered birds, quiet sunrises, an old man in a loin-cloth, a smile in the crowd—that God is *not* ashamed of reminding you that He is engaged steadily, with purpose, on His business in spite of what others may say. . . . Forgive this long catalogue. It is my confused, romantic sense of some of the adventures that are coming to you.

And, of course, the greatest adventure remains—that you are building new out-posts for the one thing to-day that has no prejudices, no class, no nation, no dogma, the one force, as I see it, that brings men together and keeps them together because men are brothers, naturally belong to one another, and were made by God to serve one another. You don't need to be told that the world is in pieces. You know this better than I. From what I hear you know men's weaknesses and yet believe in them. You do *not* expect miracles. You do not think yourselves miraculous. But you have a sense of humour; you welcome new things and hard things, you believe in God.

Let one who envies you from the bottom of his heart wish you all the luck!

HUGH WALPOLE.

LET'S PLAY PAGAL TENNIS

Here is a bright idea from SIR HUBERT SAMS ("Sammy"), late Director of Posts and Telegraphs in India, now Bursar of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

YEARS ago in India I invented a novel sort of tournament called "Pagal Tennis." *Pagal* (pronounced *pahgl*) is the Hindustani for 'mad': a *pagal khana* is a 'mad' dinner or picnic, and a *pagal nautch* is a 'mad' or fancy-dress ball. The copyright of Pagal Tennis is mine, but I now present it to Toc H, in the hope that it will give Toc H and its friends a merry afternoon and will, incidentally, help its Branches and Groups to raise a little wind, either for its own, or for the Headquarters, budget. I give Toc H the idea with confidence that—as we found at Simla—a Pagal Tennis Tournament is a first-rate mixer.

THE RULES are simple:—

1. You draw for your partner.
2. Partners draw for their handicap, *viz.*, minus 15, scratch, or plus 15.
3. You draw for service, and the draw settles which one of the four shall serve.
4. *One game* only is played. This is the essence of the Tournament and assures its success.
5. The winning pair hold the court until they are beaten.
6. The losing pair separate, but each player can come in again—at a price.
7. The first, or 'entrance,' game costs each player, say, one shilling. Thereafter each loser has to pay, say, 3d. a game to re-enter with a newly-drawn partner.
8. The Tournament finishes at a certain time, after which there are no more entries. Those still in play finish their games.

9. If prizes are given, the first prizes for ladies and gentlemen go to the players who have been in the greatest number of winning games. The 'booby' prize, if there is one, will go to the player who has been very enterprising and has lost the most games!

How is it organised?

A small but energetic committee approaches the local Tennis Club and begs for the loan of its courts for one afternoon and evening. Assume that five courts are available and that the Tournament lasts from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m., *i.e.*, four hours. A game takes 5 minutes, or less, including drawing for service. In four hours the number of games that can be played is 5 (courts) x 4 (hours) x 12 games = 240, and the number of entries, at 4 people a game, will be 960. With 5 courts, therefore, 300 'first entrants' can easily be accommodated, and each entrant can, mathematically, play three games. Actually, some will be content with one or two games and will be glad to watch the fun, leaving the Tournament to the energetic.

As soon as the competitors begin to roll up, their tickets (price 1s.) are thrown into two boxes, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen. The Steward in charge of the boxes picks out a pair at random; and another Steward finds the players and brings them together. If one sex predominates, some of the partnerships must, of course, be unisexual. A Steward is on duty at each court to supervise the draws for handicap and service, for which purpose he has seven cards, three for handicaps, four for service (three of which are blank and one marked 'service'). The losing pair can buy 're-entrant' tickets (which should be ready and of a different colour from the 'first entry' tickets): these are thrown into the two boxes and are drawn for the provision of new partners.

It is advisable to sell the 'first entry' tickets before the Tournament, as well as at the gate, in order both to save time on the afternoon itself and also because in that way more tickets will be sold. The co-operation of the local Press should also be enlisted to explain in advance the nature of a "Pagal" Tournament.

Finance

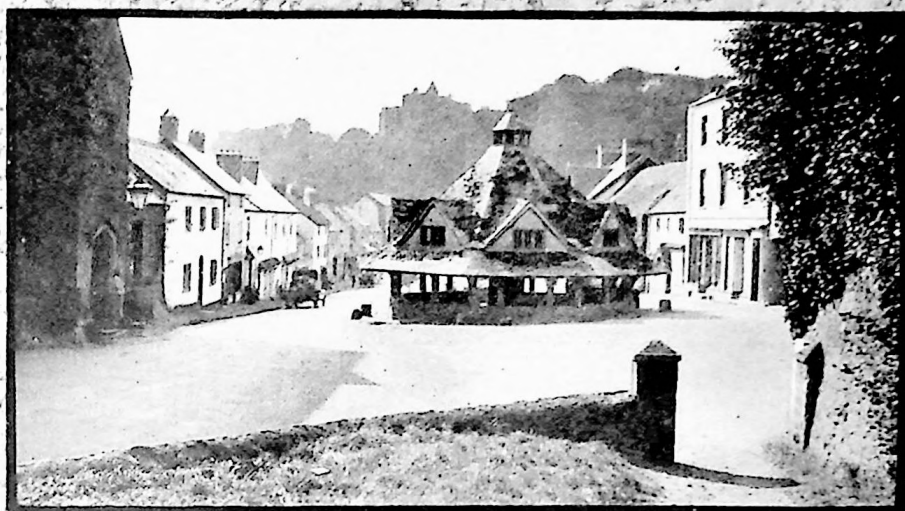
Assuming a shilling entrance for the first game and 3d. for subsequent games, five courts and 300 entrants, and 6d. entrance-fee for spectators, the takings of the afternoon will be:—

300 first entrants at 1s.	£15	0	0
660 subsequent entrants at 3d.	8	5	0
100 non-players at 6d.	2	10	0
				<hr/>		
				£25	15	0

If the courts are lent for nothing, the expenses will be mainly incurred on balls (say, three dozen), badges for the Stewards, and three inexpensive prizes (*e.g.*, a thermos flask, etc.). The Tennis Club will, perhaps, arrange for tea and refreshments, and will presumably take the profits thereon in return for the loan of their ground. The Pagal Tennis Committee may reckon safely on a profit of £15 towards the expenses of its own Branch or Group, or to go as a contribution to Headquarters.

Why should not Toc H throughout the world make a Pagal Tennis Tournament its own, to be looked forward to with eagerness and curiosity, and to be looked back upon with amusement and enjoyment and anticipation of another such Tournament year by year?

H. A. SAMS.



Dunster, Somerset

J.A.B.

"It was the beginning of wheat-harvest when I came to Dunster town, having walked all the way from London, and being somewhat footsore. . . Now I never saw a prettier town than Dunster looked that evening, for, sooth to say, I had almost lost all hope of reaching it that night, although the castle was long in view. But being once there my troubles were gone, at least as regarded wayfaring. . . It made me proud and glad to think that after seeing so much of the world, and having held my own with it, I was come once more among my own people, and found them kinder, and more warm-hearted, ay, and better-looking too, than almost any I had happened upon in the mighty city of London."—R. D. BLACKMORE in *Lorna Doone*.



The Old House

Foperinghe.

Peter Mitchell

THE ENDOWMENT OF THE OLD HOUSE

EVERY Toc H member knows how Lord Wakefield of Hythe has served Toc H. The possession of Talbot House at Poperinghe, offered to us several times since the War by its owner (at a stiff price), seemed destined to remain a dream unfulfilled until the fortunate accident that brought our desire to Lord Wakefield's ears. He acted immediately, by sending Paul Slessor to Poperinghe to negotiate the purchase of the Old House. He continued to act, by bearing the cost of the considerable repairs necessary, the provision of a new water supply and a really efficient bath-house, the furnishing of the House and garden throughout. On Easter Day, 1931, he opened it himself.

And now Lord Wakefield has crowned his gift by ensuring that it shall not become a responsibility in the future too heavy for us, with all our other commitments of work, to bear. Lord Wakefield, who is not accustomed to do things by halves, appreciates that many an act of generosity is turned into a perpetual embarrassment because the giver does not take the future into account. He has therefore now given Toc H the sum of £10,000 as an endowment to be devoted expressly to the maintenance, year by year, of the Old House. The experience of the past year has proved abundantly that Talbot House still has its unrivalled part to play in the life and thought of Toc H. Lord Wakefield's latest gift will ensure that we can maintain our unique home in a condition worthy of its war-time history and fitting for its new work of training, inspiration and refreshment. Toc H, The World, will know how to be grateful.

OUR LAST SUBSCRIPTION

UNLIKE many societies Toc H has no category of "life-membership": you cannot absolve yourself from continued effort by paying so many guineas down, and you can be pushed out gently—or occasionally abruptly—if you do not keep faith with the family. But Toc H offers the rare privilege of "more-than-life-membership." Our Elder Brethren are felt, in a real and deep sense, to be very members of our family, joined in a wider fellowship than we can yet enjoy and given opportunities of service, which we cannot conceive, by the Supreme Jobmaster. It is worth while also to remind ourselves often that a Toc H member can pay his subscription after he passes on. The following letter, recently received by Ted Samuel, Bursar at Headquarters, serves well as such a reminder.

29/6/32 (*My birthday!*)

MY DEAR TED,

I have been meaning for some time to have a P.S. put to my will—leaving £500 to Toc H. Will you please send me whatever form is needed. I send this letter in the hope that others may think of the future of Toc H, as well as the present.

It is "between you and me," and therefore I sign myself

A YOUNG MEMBER OF TOC H.

We are not all in a position to do as much as that, but many of us could do as much in proportion to our means. Once we have made up our minds to leave some legacy, however small, action is very simple. The form of codicil to a will which will secure that Toc H receives our final subscription is available at Headquarters on application, but anyone can lay hands on it at once by turning to page xxix. of the last Annual Report (published with the April JOURNAL).

A NOTE ON FINANCE

The discussion which preceded the passing of a resolution with regard to funds for the overseas work of Toc H at the Central Council Meeting on May 21, called the attention of all members to the urgency of the need abroad and the necessity for home Areas to become self-supporting as far as possible in order to release Headquarters funds for this purpose (see June JOURNAL). The two notes which follow will help members to understand the present situation more clearly.

Overseas Fund

OWING to the necessity for consultations with Toc H Overseas before plans can be made finally, we shall not be in a position to announce before the autumn what we propose to do by way of translating the Council's resolution into fact. We have plans in hand affecting (a) India, (b) South Africa, (c) Eastern Canada, (d) New Zealand, and (e) the Argentine. The money needed to assist Toc H in India is being raised this year entirely by our own padres. We do not *at the moment* contemplate making any appeal for money for Eastern Canada, and we hope that the financial part of the Argentine problem has been or will be solved locally. For the plan we are putting before Toc H South Africa we must raise about £550 urgently over and above what Toc H South Africa will pay. £200 has already been received or promised. Further gifts for this scheme will be most welcome, but we are so confident that when our plan for South Africa can be announced (and perhaps before it is) the money will be forthcoming, that we hope that donors who wish to " earmark " their contributions will mark them for South Africa or New Zealand.

This dull statement is made only that members may be assured that things are happening. There will be something much more interesting to be said in the October JOURNAL.

The Funds at Home

Here are a few simple facts for those who wish to study the financial progress made by Branches and Groups at home in raising the balance of the money required for the building of Toc H as a whole.

Years ago the standard suggested for the sums to be raised annually was an average of £8 per unit. In 1929-30, the total of Branch and Group contributions was £1,681, and last year, during the twelve months ending October 31, 1931, the total was £2,978. Reckoning the number of units at the start of the financial year, November, 1930, this figure represented an average of £5 3s. 11d. per unit, the average per unit in each home area varying from £2 17s. 10d. to £8 2s. 6d.

During the eight months ended June 30 in the current financial year the amount contributed was £1,190, an average so far of £1 16s. 1d. per unit, the average per unit in each Area varying from £3 6s. 8d. to nil, reckoning the strength of the units at 659 as on November 1, 1931.

The net amount of Builders' subscriptions raised locally in 1930-31 was £1,229; in the first eight months of the current financial year the figure was £965, an average of £1 9s. 3d. per unit. The highest Area average was £3 13s. 10d., and the lowest 13/11d.

The result of this year's efforts will doubtless be better than these figures suggest, as many Branches and Groups have a way of coming to the rescue wonderfully well before the books are closed on October 31, but—

Although times are very hard, here is a Secretary writing from a hard-hit neighbourhood: "Our Group has been very fortunate in being able to raise the assessment of £10. So successful has the scheme proved that we find we have a surplus of which we wish to dispose. After careful consideration we decided that it could best be employed in assisting some depressed Area where the raising of the quota may be causing some anxiety. I have pleasure in enclosing money order for £7 . . ."

An Area which raises by the end of October an average of £8 per unit and a unit which raises the quota assessed by itself or by its Area may feel that it has done its share towards maintenance and extension, even though it may have been unable to contribute (as those who can surely will) anything *directly* for overseas.

CUSACK WALTON JOINS THE STAFF

IN the summer of 1916 there came to the Old House in Poperinghe an officer of the Royal Engineers, more engineer than soldier, for his business in life was to build and repair broad-gauge railways in the Second Army Area. The Upper Room became his parish church, and Talbot House received his strong support until he moved to the Italian Front at the end of 1917. That early link with Toc H has been zealously preserved.

Bobs Ford, writing in *The Lamp*, April, 1932, about the impending departure of Colonel Cusack Walton from India, says: "When asked by Tubby in 1925 to join the first Toc H Council for India he agreed. From that time he has become more and more a part of Toc H and Toc H has become more and more a part of him."

Cusack Walton went to India first in 1899 as a subaltern of the R.E. In common with many R.E. officers in India he was almost at once taken over by the State Railways of India in civil employ. After fifteen years the War called him to the Western Front where his services in Railway Construction were recognised by the D.S.O., the Legion of Honour, five mentions in dispatches, and a brevet Lieutenant Colonelcy.

Back to India he went in 1920 in civil employ once more as Deputy Agent of the North-Western Railway, and in 1924 he became Agent or General Manager. To understand the responsibility of such a post it is necessary to know that the N.W.R. of India has a route mileage larger than the whole of the L.M.S. system in England and employs over 123,000 men. The Agent is responsible for the direction of the whole concern and its relations with Government, which on the N.W. Frontier of India are specially important. He has also to look after the welfare of employees and their families.

During his term of office the whole system was modernised and reorganised with a great increase in efficiency both on the technical and administrative sides. But the most valuable feature of his work was perhaps his putting into practice the principles of Toc H in developing the human relationships between the various grades and departments. I quote here from an Indian Railway Magazine: "Colonel Walton knew that a happy and contented staff with wider interests and broadened outlook and a feeling of common well-being meant a doubly-efficient staff; that rules and codes, however necessary, were not the basis of all human activities. 'Men are more important than machines,' he once said at the Annual Railway Dinner in 1929. 'We have specialists to look after our machines; how much more are they needed for the care of men,' and with this truth in mind he set about moulding and encouraging new influences which have made of over 123,000 employees of the N.W.R. as contented a family of railwaymen as are to be found in any part of the world. Business interests and altruistic motives thus became merged in the common purpose of making the N.W.R. staff organisation a model to others in India."

How this was done would take too long to tell here; suffice it to say that a system was inaugurated by which every worker on the railway who had a complaint or any problem to be dealt with had direct access to those whose duty it was to deal with such difficulties. One of the results of this process of humanisation is that since 1925 the N.W.R. has been entirely free of strikes.

In his speech at the farewell dinner given in his honour, Cusack Walton said, among other things: "It is a great satisfaction to find in my retirement a great interest ahead—connection with the movement known as Toc H, which has arisen on the foundations laid in Pop. while I was stationed there for two and a half years during the War."

Now he is in England, in perfect health and vigour and ready to bring to the service of Toc H his wide experience of administration combined with deep spiritual insight and gay good humour, with all that capacity for happy personal relationships for which Toc H offers such scope. May one who lived with him in his construction train in Belgium for two years during the War add as his own personal opinion that here is a real gift to Toc H of a man of proved ability and great humility who before everything else is alive to the deep significance of life? And this man felt so committed to Toc H as Foundation Member and worker for Toc H in India that he has turned away from other fields of service to give himself more fully to Toc H at home. So Cusack Walton joins the Central Executive and the Finance Committee and becomes an Honorary General Secretary of Toc H in order by serving it to learn more and more of the development of Toc H which has so far outgrown his knowledge of the infant movement in Talbot House. Help him all who can.

LEONARD F. BROWNE.

"I SERVE"

These verses were suggested to the writer by Pat Leonard's talk at the Rowditch Branch Birthday on June 17.

Preserve our single purpose, Lord: to find
A welcome for each trivial task, to say
"Our rent," that by our service to mankind,
Our debts we pay.

Conserve our vision, Lord, that it may be
Always, in all things, clear nor ever dimm'd
By blinding cloud of self sufficiency,
Or lamp untrimm'd.

And grant us patience, Lord, that we may hear,
And inwardly *observe*, a brother's tale.
That dull conceit with deafening voice may fear
To prate, and fail.

Reserve in us, O Lord, a modest mouth;
No brazen trumpet blaring forth our worth.
Help us to kindle with the zeal of youth
The lights of mirth.

And in obeying this our sacred call;
To bring to full fruition that great task
For which our Elder Brethren ventured all,
To "*deserve*" we ask.

A. D. NASH.

A BAG OF BOOKS

Two more 'Bangwents'

No. V. *The Magic Persian Carpet*. By P. B. C.

No. VI. *Onward Bound*. By Rev. H. Verrier Elwin. Published by All Hallows' Porchroom. 6d. each.

Tubby's 6d. series continues to come out apace. The only uniformity about it is the price: shape, size and type vary as the authorship does—but in every case you can say that "bang went saxepe" to your own enjoyment and advantage. "*Gen*" (I), *Why men love England* (II), *The Salient Facts* (III), *Fishers of Men* (IV), are followed by two which as closely concern Toc H, the first its outer, the second its inner life. *A Magic Persian Carpet* is a reprint of two articles concerned with Tubby's journey to the Persian oil-fields at Christmas. The second of these, describing his voyage home on a tanker, was first published in *The Times* and was reprinted in this JOURNAL in April. The first article, describing his journey out by air, appeared in *The Nafst*, the magazine of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The facts of the journey are already known to our readers through Harry Chappell's Diary (see JOURNAL for February, March and April), but members will greatly welcome Tubby's own narrative. It moves swiftly as the 'plane itself and it sparkles with touches of humour and fancy in Tubby's liveliest mood. It might be enough to say "We started early to fly from Brindisi to Athens," but it would not entrance you like this:—

In the wine-darkness of the Adriatic an hour before dawn, *Scipio* swam like a fretful whale, ordered to wait around on the look-out for Jonah. Scarce were we swallowed up, six shivering passengers decanted from a coracle, when Brindisi became a row of yellow stars beneath and then behind us. We now rose high, described a cut between a demivolt and a semiquaver, and made for Byron's holy land. Now the day broke in shreds of cloth of gold, spattered with flames of fire.

Onward Bound, the latest of the 'Bangwent' series, is "a paper about Personal Religion," written during undergraduate days at Oxford by a man who is now doing very tough missionary work among a depressed race in the Central Provinces of India. The spirit of these most challenging eighteen pages is that of the entry Donald Hankey made in his notebook in 1915: "True religion is betting your life there is a God." Verrier Elwin has no illusions as to the cost of following Christ wholeheartedly.

It is a desperate thing . . . To follow Him literally—and logically—may mean poverty, ill-health, loss of friends, position, fame; it may mean misunderstanding; it is costly all the way along. And it means these things not only in the dim ideal future; it must mean them here and now.

But he is triumphantly certain, not only that it is possible, but that there is nothing else worth doing. The work he has himself chosen is a proof of this intense conviction. No reader will find it easy to remain unmoved by what he writes.

What are Saints?

What are Saints? C. C. Martindale, S.J. Sheed & Ward. 2/6 and 1/-.

THE word "saint" sometimes conveys the idea of people who are so "right" that they cause others to fly to wrong as the lesser evil. In a series of broadcast talks, Fr. Martindale, even if he has not removed all the stains from the actual word, has certainly brought to life those who really earned the title. He writes not of ready-made saints isolated in unapproachable holiness, but of real men of widely differing origins, who became saintly

through very tangible sufferings—whose sanctity appeared in serving lepers, working twenty hours a day, teaching, cultivating land, learning Japanese and being shot at. Solitary meditation, where described, has a perfectly clear purpose. In many places fuller treatment would add conviction, especially in the chapter about “saints without the st.” But of course each chapter is only a fifteen minutes’ talk. Challenging generalisations are frequent and readers will probably be led to think differently of mediæval as compared with modern thought, of the “guessing-in-public” of popular scientists, and of riches, meaning, besides money, the treasured notions of ourselves and our opinions, when we serve Christ but “by fits and starts.”

We shall probably accuse the author of some treasured notions too, but he does not insist on our sharing them. The historical observations linking the chapters together are, as the author admits, unlikely to receive universal agreement.

MULTUM IN PARVO

❧ Members will be grieved to learn that through illness HERBERT WYNNE-JONES is not fit enough to return to his work in the South Wales Area, and that we are losing him from the whole-time service of Toc H. The recently appointed Area Pilot, STUART GREENACRE, is now to be Area Secretary.

❧ Congratulations to the Rev. W. H. BADDELEY, Padre of the South Bank Branch, Northern Area, who has just been appointed Bishop to the Diocese of Melanesia, which includes Norfolk Island, the New Hebrides, Banks, Torres, Santa Cruz, Solomon Islands, and the territory of New Guinea mandated to Australia. The population is 750,000.

❧ The Wesleyan Methodist Conference, on the motion of Dr. J. H. Ritson (a President of Toc H), seconded by Dr. Barber (late Headmaster of the Leys School), unanimously recommended that Padre OWEN WATKINS, in the event of his being sent to South Africa by Toc H, should be appointed Fraternal Delegate to the Methodist Church in South Africa.

❧ DARBY AND JOAN PILGRIMAGE TO THE OLD HOUSE. A considerable number of requests have been received that such a Pilgrimage may be arranged in 1933. Suggestions as to suitable dates are required so that the Pilgrimage Secretary may be able to allot the most popular one in due course. Suggestions should reach him at 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3, by September 30, 1932.

❧ STOP PRESS NEWS has just arrived from New York, where members are giving particular attention to the Young Seafarer.

Fresh accommodation has been taken over at 46, West Eighth Street, New York. Every night there will be a member present to welcome all members and friends, and on Tuesdays, as far as possible, a Seafarers' Guest-night is staged.

❧ The many friends of Padre FRANCIS MATHEW (formerly Warden of Mark I) will like to know that he sails for Assam (via Bombay and rail to Calcutta) on August 12. He would be glad to hear from anyone who writes to him at Bishop's House, Dibrugarh, Assam, and especially to know of any possible Toc H contacts out there.

❧ WOOLWICH Branch hope in the autumn to renew their contact with recruits of the Garrison on Sunday nights. Meanwhile they have begun regular visiting at the Royal Herbert Military Hospital, where they have members among the orderlies and have already found members among the patients. Will anyone knowing of service members who may be invalided to this hospital, let the Woolwich Secretary know?

❧ It is pleasant to read the report in *Lloyd's Shipping Gazette* of a presentation made on June 30 by all the principal European Salvage and Towage firms to Sir JOSEPH LOWREY (a very keen member of Buckhurst Hill Toc H) on his retirement from the Secretaryship of the Salvage Association. In the words of the inscription, this was “an appreciation of the courtesy and consideration he has always displayed during many years of cordial and pleasant business relationship.” The Toc H spirit indeed!

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

The Toc H Diary

DEAR EDITOR,

I have a bee in my bonnet over the rebate given to units on the purchase of Toc H Diaries by their members, especially after reading in the *Annual Report* of the enormous shortage of funds in the Movement. There is no economic justification for allowing a rebate to the purchasers of Toc H or any other diaries. The diary is well worth the full price of 2s. and no one expects H.Q. to forego 3d. on each one sold. In fact, very few members are aware of the fact that the rebate is granted at all, and even those who do are not cajoled into buying a diary by the offer of 3d. to their unit's funds. Consequently, any abolition of this practice would have no detrimental effect upon sales.

Again, the benefit to the Group or Branch is negligible compared to the total income, but the gain to H.Q. would be a substantial amount. I do not know the figures of active membership, but from the information of the strength of the movement given in the *Annual Report*, I should judge the active membership to be about 10,000 in the U.K. at the present time. Assuming that one-third of these purchase Toc H Diaries (and I think you will find this to be a low estimate), an additional benefit of about £40 per annum would accrue to H.Q. funds. Add to this a possible saving in bookkeeping and the saving is enhanced and at no cost to anyone. It would then be possible to point to this attempt to economise on our own part when soliciting donations or subscriptions from outsiders.

I submit this proposal to your consideration and hope that when I get the next invoice for our Group's diaries, H.Q. will require me to pay the full amount.

Yours most sincerely,

THOS. B. GIBBONS.

Oughttrington,
July 9, 1932.

[This letter was shown to the Registrar, who informed the writer that the sale of the Diary was about 15,000. In reply our correspondent says: "The figures you give have exceeded my calculations by far, and it would appear that in place of the £40 saving which I suggested, £180 would be much nearer. Perhaps you would like to alter my letter to that effect. . . I should like to make it clear that I wrote the letter as an expression of my personal opinion and not on behalf of my Group, even though my fellow-members would very probably be willing to forego the profit on their Diaries. . . Times are bad, so everyone is telling us, but people have got into that way now that they really believe they are all poverty-stricken, though I am fully convinced that the membership of Toc H could do much more than it does to aid its own finances. I sincerely hope that soon they will come to realise their blessings and will see that they are able to put the Movement on a more secure financial footing."]

* * *

Plays for Scouts

DEAR EDITOR,

The following may interest you, and if you care to embody it in an issue of the JOURNAL, we may be able to get suitable plays for boys from some Toc H members.

Very many plays, written specially for a particular Scout Troop and produced successfully by them, are put away after the show and forgotten when they might be placed at the disposal of other Troops. There is a dearth of really good plays suitable for Troop production and with a view to meeting this need, I am inviting authors of plays to send me their scripts for examination. From those submitted I will select twelve and these will be published in book form from the offices of *The Scout*. The only prize offered, I am afraid, is the doubtful one of having the play in print.

We believe that the public has grown tired of the play which shows the brave Scout saving the life of the farmer's daughter, thus winning a permanent camping ground for his Troop; Scouts foiling the burglars who have stolen the Squire's plate is also a plot not unknown in plays for Scouts. We believe Scouts, too, are tired of acting in this type of play and we want to give them something different.

We are not asking for three-act plays, which are beyond the scope of the average Troop. Plays lasting for half-an-hour to three-quarters are ideal, and they can be dramatic, farcical or comic. The ideal plays for Scout presentation should not require elaborate properties, scenery or dresses. Simplicity is the keynote.

It is hoped to publish the twelve selected plays next October, so will you please send in your plays as quickly as possible. No play will be considered for this purpose after September 30, 1932.

Manuscripts should be addressed to "The Dramatic Adviser, Imperial Headquarters, Boy Scouts' Association, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1," and the envelope should be clearly marked—"Play-Writing Competition." A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for the return of the MSS.

Yours faithfully,

E. STUART MONRO,

Dramatic Adviser.

Boy Scouts' Association.

A TOC H ANAGRAM

ONE of our Midland members, visiting a man who is absolutely deaf and very nearly blind, was asked to explain Toc H. Communication being extremely difficult, he did his best by writing a very brief explanation, which he helped out with the aid of the "deaf and dumb" language. On his next visit he was asked to write out at dictation the following:—

TOC H has taught us many things;
To speak in fairness of each other;
To know the joy that service brings;
To see in every man a brother.

ONE our purpose, one our aim,
One body we in heart and hand;
One our God Whose glorious name,
Our duty and our love command.

COMRADES to one and all are we;
Content to serve where e'er the need,
Content if we may only be,
Comrades to all in word and deed.

HERE we no sect or creed can know;
Here we on common ground must stand;
Happy if we can only show
Helpless ones a helping hand.

* * *

Long may Toc H its purpose serve,
Far may its usefulness extend,
Long may its members all deserve
The name of comrade and of friend.

FREDERICK WILSON.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

SPORTS,
SHOWS,
FETES,
BAZAARS,
etc., etc.

POSTERS

Ensure success by using

and Pictorial Printing.

Catalogue free

STAFFORD & Co., Ltd.,
Netherfield, Nottingham.

IDEAL HOLIDAYS. Board-residence, 45/- per wk.; near sea, moors, central, facing south.—"ROSE-MOUNT," Shute Lane, Combe Martin, N. Devon.

VISITING YPRES? SHANNON HOTEL Opp. Menin Gate, Brit. Owner-Manager. Capt. Leo Knox, late A.S.C. English food, quiet, from 5/- per day 10% dis. Toc H.

BLACKPOOL. Mrs. Bancroft, 21, Lonsdale Rd. Full board 7/6 day ea. Bed and Breakfast 3/6 ea. Two sharing Apartments (Bed only) for two 4/-. Two minutes sea. Electric Light. Stamp reply.

TANKERTON. Board-residence, moderate terms, every comfort. Very near sea.—Fairchild, The Rosary, Tankerton Road, Whitstable, Kent.

TORQUAY. Monksilver Private Hotel. Over-looking Bay. Terms: 3 to 4 gns.—Mrs. Halliwell, Proprietress.

Send for Free Samples Toc H Printed Stationery, THE "STAR" PRESS, 589e, Commercial Rd., London, E.1.

POSITIONS AT HOME OR ABROAD. If you need up-to-date assistance from export at small cost, write for particulars of Services—"Business Opportunities," 12, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

HOW TO START A SMALL BORE RIFLE CLUB. Apply Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, 23, Water Lane, London, E.C.4., and enjoy most interesting sport.

THE CAMPING SEASON. You will require a thoroughly waterproof tent and camping equipment. Remember a good tent will save you many pounds later.—Write for catalogue, post free on application to PIGGOTT BROS. & CO., LTD., 220-226, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

ANIMALS feel no pain when killed in the right way.—Full details from the CHIEF SECRETARY, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn St., LONDON, S.W.

Learn to Write Advertisements and earn from £5 to £20 per week. Unique offer to those writing for our free book "Advertising as a Career." DIXON INSTITUTE OF ADVERTISING (Dept. 82), 195, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS PREPAID RATES.

The charge for miscellaneous advertisements is 1/6 per line. Minimum 2 lines. Each line consists of an average of 46 letters, including punctuation. Display Panels per inch 15/-. Series discount 5 per cent. for six insertions.

All miscellaneous advertisements must be prepaid and should be addressed to:—

Small Advert. Dept., Toc H Journal,
Cave's Advertising Service,
Paris House, 270, Regent Street, London, W.1.

SECURITY!

ensured by buying Blanks British camp equipment which is backed by 25 years reputation for quality and low prices.



THE ROAMER TENT

Size 6 ft. long, 4 ft. 3 ins. wide, 3 ft. 6 ins. high, 6 in. walls. Made from strong white material. Brass-jointed poles in 3 sections. Complete with all accessories **11/8**
In waterproof valise (Postage 1/-) **18/6**
In strong green proof material **18/6**
Ground Sheet to fit these tents **5/6**

LUMBER JACKETS

FOR HIKERS, ETC.

Made of Blanket cloth they provide that necessary protection against the evening chills.

FORESTER—Offered in a range of three patterns: grey with black check, grey with red check, and grey with red and black check, 32"-36" chest 11/6, 38"-40" 12/6. Postage 6d.

WOODSMAN—Two shades. Grey and brown, with black check stripes, 32"-36" 14/6, 38"-40" 18/6. Postage 6d.



BERGAN PATTERN RUC SAC

Genuine British Ruc Sacs, made from Waterproof material, 15 in. Frame, with one large outside pocket **14/6**

16 in. Frame, with one large outside centre and two side pockets. **19/6**

17 in. Frame, (Postage 6d.) **22/6**



THE HIKERS CAPE

A specially designed Cape which is an ideal walking Cape for Ladies or Gents. 42 and 45 ins. long. Made from strong Fawn or Navy Waterproof material with buttons down front. Light in weight. Packs very small. Fitted with combined shoulder and waist straps **8/11** illustrated. Postage 6d.

RUC SACS

Made from strong khaki waterproof material. Leather bound with strong adjustable web slings. Size 19 1/2" by 18 1/2". Large outside gusseted pocket 13" by 8" **4/11** Postage 6d.

GROUND SHEETS

Extra Light-Weight. 6 ft. long, 3 ft. wide. **2/6**
With brass eyelets at the corners for pegging **Postage 6d.**
down. All sent C.O.D. if desired.

SEND FOR FREE CAMPALOGUE (T.C.)

BLANKS 303 GRAYS INN ROAD,
— KINGS CROSS, LONDON, W.C.1 —

WESTBOURNE PARK BUILDING SOCIETY

offers a simple method of assistance to house purchasers in London and the home counties.

Exceedingly low monthly repayments enable you in a few years to return the advance made by the Society, on the house you have selected, and the property becomes your own.

The "Westbourne Park" has, since its foundation nearly fifty years ago, assisted more than 42,000 persons to become home-owners, and has advanced over £19,000,000 on their behalf.

WRITE

TO-DAY for Prospectus TA/1, free from George E. Jeffries, F.I.S.A., Secretary,

136, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.2

THE TOC H POCKET DIARY,

1933

*Goes to press in August in order
that supplies may reach "our
furthest kindred in Toc H"
before 1932 is out.*

The quality will be as good as in
previous years: the price is the same—

2s. per copy.

Order through your Secretary as soon
as you can—or you may be unlucky.

And read the letter printed on page 317.

Coffee AT Bed-time

and then

SLEEP?

Certainly if it's

"SERVICE"
BRAND
COFFEE
WITH CHICORY

**MADE IN A MOMENT
MADE IN THE CUP**

Sold by Family Grocers
6d., 9d. and 1/4 Screwcap Bottles.

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

Australia

SEVEN candles, seven years! Toc H Australia has reached its seventh birthday. It is a mystic number and possibly full of symbolism for the future, but we can do no more than repeat our best wishes for the next thousand years or so. This is no place to do a review, however lightning or non-stop, of the life of our antipodean brothers from 1925, when Tubby and Pat discovered the continent, to the present day, when they are established as an independent body. The industrious reader of these pages will have gathered, with the aid of some imagination, a fairly accurate impression of its growth and vitality. It shall suffice us to relate the order of events of the Federal Birthday. The festivities began on Tuesday, May 3, when the guests arrived from the ends of the land, and ended at 9.45 a.m. on Sunday, May 8, when a train for the south sped the departing on their long trek home. Travelling, in many cases, doubled the time spent on the festival. Members coming from Perth were warned that their journeying must begin on April 26 to reach Brisbane on May 3, covering 3,372 miles in 140 hours. Sydney, the nearest State Capital, is only 613 miles, or twenty-two hours, away, so if the conquest of distance is any indication as to the spiritual fitness of the movement, Toc H Australia is very healthy indeed.

So huge a programme as was arranged, including, be it noticed, six conference sessions on varieties of topics, a civic reception, an outing to Mount Cootha and a Lamp-lighting and public guest-night, cannot be reported on in haste, so the plums must be left for the next issue, and just a few impressions squeezed from the latest edition of *THE LINK* offered as an appetiser. There was a recognition of the need for development in all States of the Federal idea as an essential preliminary to adequate growth on a nation-wide scale. The nigger in that particular wood-pile was finance. All the delegates saw the need of finance, but **most** of them saw little hope of meeting it. From Queensland came what was perhaps the greatest challenge. Padre Brumwell outlined his Church's method of **first** satisfying itself that certain appointments were necessary to the work, then of making the appointments, and then using its mental and physical resources to make the financial end secure. The element of faith enters into any such programme very largely, but the Queensland State Padre is not without practical experience and he spoke as one who knew. As might have been expected, another challenge to Toc H came from the Guest-night in the City Hall. The Federal President, introduced by Sir James Blair, told the "Story" to an audience of over 2,000. But not only in the convincing sentences did the challenge show itself. He was followed by three other speakers, the Vice-Mayor, a representative of the Premier, and of the Leader of the Opposition, who having heard his plea for toleration and understanding of the other man's point of view, endorsed it when their turn came to speak and practiced it when the two gentlemen concerned were in the midst of an election campaign, outstanding for a bitterness without precedent in the history of the State.

A bit of real thought for others makes memorable the Angorichina Flower Festival on behalf of the Angorichina Hostel, Adelaide. Members from practically all City and Suburban units took part. For three days previous to the opening a squad of about twenty members was busy with preparations at the Exhibition Building. All these men are unemployed, but through the generosity of the Festival Committee they were allowed sufficient for their tram fares, and a good lunch each day. Thus, there was a

chance for them, and it can be safely said that they put every ounce of energy into the work, for it was a real joy to them to be able to take part in a Toc H job. *Woodville* Group have launched out into a new activity for the unemployed in a lending library for those who can no longer pay their subscription to regular libraries. Books have been obtained from various sources—all books are gifts—and these are issued at regular intervals. Members go round to the houses of such people at stated times to collect the books, thus establishing a personal contact which is very beneficial to all concerned. Throughout Western Australia there are a certain number of camps for the unemployed. Where there are Toc H members, they are always anxious to have a meeting once a week. Recently at such a camp a guestnight was held at which the attendance was over one hundred and fifty men, and according to the report everything was magnificent, with the result that by example and intention the members are getting the men to do jobs of service for each other and for the camp generally.

Canada

THE Festival spirit has been rife in Canada during the last month. The biggest event was the Birthday Festival at Ontario, so without apologies to the *Northern Light* of Canada, but with thanks, we reprint Padre Holmes' impressions as recorded in that bright publication: "From the outset, the committee in charge decided that the purpose of the 1932 Festival should be the enrichment of the spiritual life of the family and the increasing of its efficiency. In other words, it was to be a family party to which friends could be invited if desired. All advertising was therefore strictly avoided. The evening Guest-night found Wycliffe Hall crowded with over three hundred people, and the number of registrations for the communion service at the Mark was sufficient to demand two services instead of the one planned. Over one thousand people were present at the Service of Rededication in Bloor Street United Church. The Conference offered opportunities for definite expressions of opinion, but the spirit of Toc H was indeed manifest. Divergent views were ardently championed, yet beneath the storm of words one could feel the intensity of fellowship and oneness of the desire to accomplish only the best for Toc H. There emerged from the Conference the idea that Toc H is a spiritual thing, a spirit, an attitude to life and God, rather than just another organisation. This conviction grew as the various gatherings followed one another. It was manifest in the delightful little chapel in Hart House, where over one hundred men knelt in the aisles and occupied every available inch of space while the padre led them in their devotions. Sir Robert Falconer, at the dinner, added fuel to this dim flame of a spiritual atmosphere which gradually seemed to be springing into light. He talked about the need of getting real values straight in life. Men must work out for themselves their characters as individuals. Yet each man can rest assured that he will not have wrestled in vain, because God will never make a fool of any man.

"The Guest-night fanned a little brighter the light that was now already burning at least dimly in the hearts and minds of most of those present. Quite by accident the ordinary chiming of the hour by the university clock added a significant touch to the Ceremony of Light. On the platform twelve tiny flames were glowing, the explanation of the meaning of Light had been made and all in the darkness were waiting the opening words of remembrance when the bell from the soldiers' memorial tower rang forth the hour of nine. It seemed as if the great inarticulate memorial of the University's gallant dead felt compelled to join with us in our tribute to the Elder Brethren. This truly delightful day closed with an ever-memorable address by one who knew personally Gilbert

Talbot and who was well acquainted with our movement from its very inception—J. B. Bickersteth. Here was a human being on fire with an idea and a certain outlook on life and he literally fought to convey something of that spirit to his hearers. He forced one to appreciate what Toc H stands for and what it is to him. Sunday was a glorious day in spite of the weather. The little chapel in the Mark basement provided a very fitting setting for the Communion Feast. The splendid service at Bloor Street United Church left nothing to be desired. It rounded out well what was to many a two days' feast upon what might rightly be termed spiritual things.

"One came away from it all feeling that Toc H did possess within itself something that was worth preserving and passing on. In the minds of many was the thought: Canada needs this spirit, this experience, this outlook on life—how can I go back to my community, to my daily task, to my Toc H job, and interpret it to my friends?"

India

THE one unifying item of news that runs through every report from India this month is the leave-taking of Bobs Ford. India has been the scene of historic and daring forced marches from Clive to Lord Roberts, when incredible distances have been covered as though by magic. But since 1929 the march of Toc H has been amazing. When Bobs arrived in India there were three Branches and twelve Groups; as he leaves there are twenty-one recognised units and three Groves to wish him God-speed. From Madras to Bombay, from Calcutta to Lahore, this indefatigable ambassador has flitted unceasingly, uniting the whole into a family.

The *Lahore* Group have had an additional farewell to say, for their pilot, Colonel Cusack Walton, left them to sail for England. He leaves a gap, but his usefulness is only transferred, for in his retirement he will not go unmolested by the Home Government (as page 313 shows). From grave to gay is no uncommon movement in Toc H and the converse is equally frequent and happy. This group are managing the transformation by one moment debating in full conclave, which is best: a man's life, a woman's life, or a dog's life, then almost in the same breath, as it were, portioning out the year for various subjects for the Study Circle, which is an established entity in the life of the *Lahore* Group. Canon George Barne, Principal of the Lawrence Royal Military School, Sanawar, has been elected Bishop of Lahore. We understand he will be consecrated in his Cathedral in November. We offer our warmest congratulations and would assure him that his fellow members will not forget to ask that all power may be his in the task of great responsibility to which he has been called. It is splendid to know that the Toc H tradition which was so much loved by the old Bishop will thus be carried on.

South America

IF Toc H sent its first Lamp of Maintenance to South America in 1923 and has since made headway in three countries—the Argentine, Chile and Brazil—there yet remains an enormous opportunity for us in ground untouched. Here are items of news from two other South American countries. First, the report has just come in that a few men have been 'groping' hard for eight months at Monte Video in *Uruguay*. The best wishes of the whole family go to these pioneers! Secondly, a lively letter to Tubby brings news from the Republic of *Colombia*. Graham Patterson (of Christ's Hospital, Chile, and Mark II) started his work in April as lay-chaplain to the Tropical Oil Company at and near Barranca Bermeja. He writes: "*Saludos* and first impressions! I only

arrived here on Friday, so these really are the **first** fruits—with traditional rosy hue. This camp was sadly maligned: there are no 'tough guys' here—at least not really tough. So far the men here strike me as a very decent and matey crowd indeed, and very willing to be friendly. . . . There is much more of a tendency here to go to church than one would have expected in such a hell-hole as an oil camp in the tropics! I think I can take the services quite well enough, but may be stumped when it comes to an uplifting address. However, I'm going to quote Toc H at 'em and tell them all about it, as an excuse for my being here without a dog-collar! I can see already that I shall earn my salary if I keep up with everything. I am definitely stationed at El Centro, the main oilfields, about 20 miles from B.B. which is on the river and not so pleasant. The camp here is very efficiently run and very **strict** indeed: no 'hard' liquor is sold either in the club house—a lovely building—or at the golf club bar. . . . There are just over one hundred people up here, and some sixty or seventy in B.B., which makes the population just a comfortable number for my job. In the old days a parson and a welfare man must have been necessary, but now, though it may be heavy going for one man, there is not quite enough work for two. My jobs will be, as far as I can see, in El Centro, with odd visits to B.B. Here I shall have to be secretary and treasurer of the Club; run the library; organise the kids' games; organise dances, M.C. them, and shepherd away any 'drunks'; run all the Church services and also the Sunday School. I had a smack at the latter this morning, my **first** public ceremony! Fifteen kids, from 6 to 14, turned up, plus two of the married ladies, who were very charming and helpful. I've never done that kind of thing before and it was rather fun, though I was a bit at sea holding forth on Abraham and Lot, out of an American Sunday School booklet, which was sloppy in the extreme. The choice effort was when one brat, on being asked who went with Abraham into Canaan (he'd been asleep most of the time) answered 'Abraham Lincoln,' being prompted by the wag of the party. . . . !

Late Night Final

THE intelligent reader has realised already that the Overseas News in the JOURNAL is necessarily incomplete and fragmentary. The following list is designed to encourage our readers to subscribe to at least one Overseas Journal, and so to complete their vision of the family, 'from China to Peru.'

Australia: *The Link*. Monthly, 3/6 per annum. Editor, 476, Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.

Malaya: *The Little Journal*. Monthly, free, postage extra. Editor, C. L. Layland, c/o Yukon Gold Co., Ampang, Selangor, F.M.S.

New Zealand: *The Ventilator*. Monthly, 2d. Editor, c/o Box 742, Christchurch, New Zealand.

India: *The Lamp*. Monthly, 5/- per annum. The Business Manager, "The Lamp," 2/2, Lansdown Road, Calcutta.

Ontario, Canada: *The Northern Light*. Monthly, \$1 per annum. Editor, 614, Huron Street, Toronto.

South Africa: *The Compass*. Bi-monthly, 3/- per annum. The General Business Manager, P.O. Box 3624, Johannesburg.

South America: *The Mark*. Bi-monthly, \$3.00 Argentine paper per annum. Editor, Mark I, (S. America), Chacabuco 723, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

Despatches from the Western, South Western, South Wales, and Northern Areas will be published in the October issue.

From the West Midlands Area

"THIS Area is mainly industrial and Birmingham, with its thousand industries, is the Emporium of Europe. Work, therefore, is for us a dire necessity." So ran the report from this Area in its last appearance in the JOURNAL. Since then the fundamental necessities of the Area have not changed, but Toc H seems to be triumphing over economic stress and in every district new contacts are being made, new regions of the country being opened up, and in the existing units new jobs tackled and experiments made. Let us briefly review the new contacts about the Districts. *Acocks Green* in the South Birmingham District are busy planning a Boys' Club to begin in the autumn, by which time they will have received their Rushlight. King's Heath hived off with about twelve men from *Moseley* in April, beginning their first corporate job in the early days of May by sending man-power to the Yardley Wood Schools Play Centre. In the North Birmingham District, *Perry Bar* has been doing a job for the Perry Standing Community Council at Kingstanding, with the result that several useful contacts have been made. Results may be looked for there shortly. Warwickshire District owns the responsibility of beginnings at Atherstone, where the circle, before applying to be recognised as a Group, staged a revolution and changed what officers had been appointed. However, there is possibly a boys' club in the autumn wind, and youth must have its fling even though it affects officers. Hampton Lucy, perhaps the quaintest named place in the District, is receiving attention from *Stratford*, so the leadership of Archdeacon Holland should soon have some results to show. The catalogue of heroes that Homer included in his Area Despatch from Troy may not be one of the brightest efforts of journalism, but the cumulative effect is very powerful. So in the West Midlands Area, we will conclude, the "Story" has been told, and the gleam perceived in such far-flung places as Kington, Gaydon, Claydon (a trap for the stiff-tongued, these two), Woolstanton, Coalbrookdale, Market Drayton, Bridgnorth, and Astwood Bank.

In case the fear should arise that this material expansion is the only care of the controlling powers, it must be emphasised what an increase in camps and conferences, training week-ends, and sweet sessions of silent thought this summer has seen, and how all activities culminated in two pilgrimages from the Area, during May and June. Children have been very much in the corporate mind these hot days. *Mark VI* began to discuss the proposition of Play Centres for children in May, and on the 24th of that month began with a centre at Summer Lane School. So far the venture is progressing favourably. With L.W.H.'s assistance, there are now four such experiments in practice. One problem arose that should easily be solved, and that is the clothes question. It was found that the activities of the centres were being seriously handicapped by the fact that many of the children came from homes that were unable to provide shoes, so that the children were hampered in their games. An appeal has been made for shoes and clothing to all the membership. The result is awaited with confidence. Then, again, here are some instances to show that the members are by no means foolish bachelors. Everyone knows that leaders are wanted in every aspect of life. So *Moseley* has provided for the winter by putting eight of their men into training in different boys' clubs, ready for the dark days when a club of their own will be started. Then, again, to give jobmasters an insight

into jobs, tours have been arranged to hospitals, infirmaries, reformatory schools, Blind institutes, and Boys' Clubs, so that a knowledge of conditions prevailing in such places will lead to increased understanding in handling the job. Way for a bright idea! It was decided that a First Aid course should be run at Mark VI next winter for members. A really first-class doctor will deliver lectures and be in charge of the course, that will take about three months. The examination for the St. John Ambulance Certificate will then be taken by all. At least one man from each unit of the family will be expected to take the course, so that next year no unit should run children's parties or outings unless at least one of the promoters has a sound knowledge of how to deal with all the hurts and bruises that so often occur unbidden. One unit makes itself responsible for seven cripples being taken to hospital for massage two or three times a week, and now the appeal has gone out for fellows with cars to stand by to take children home who have come into the hospital for one day to have tonsils and adenoids removed. To send them home by 'bus or tram causes them much pain and distress. So now the hope is that the toe of compassion shall gently press the accelerator of thoughtfulness.

Some railway companies display large maps of England, on which quaint activities are depicted, such as an apoplectic golfer in full swing here, a couple courting under an incredible moon there; in another place the new Sisyphus pushes his cycle uphill, and in yet another a cow munches grass that never was on land, and down south, riding on curly breakers, a sly dolphin winks roguishly to the bathing belles. It is the intention in these despatches to convey almost a similar impression of the activities of the Area, but the works of the Black Country jostle the glass industry of Stourbridge, while Stoke and its china encroach it seems on the market towns of Shropshire, so here there is a view of one family, one unit without geographical divisions, but showing that one attribute that is vital in art, in life, and in Toc H: variety in unity.

From Ireland

SINCE the last report was sent to the JOURNAL from Ireland we have had a busy, interesting and, we trust, profitable time. Amongst the outstanding events was a visit from the Toc H circle of *H.M.S. Courageous*, when their ship visited Irish waters and anchored at Larne Harbour for one week; the sheer joy of having these members make a round of visits to the different units and the climax of a Toc H meeting on board the ship, at which we mustered 120 members from the Area, was something that will live in our memory for years to come. We commend the chance of similar exchange of visits at any port where the *Courageous* calls to our fellow members. The armament of the ship is strengthened to the extent of eight Irish blackthorns and a shillelagh and our units have each a suitable memento of the *Courageous* to help us remember a happy time.

The Newsboys' Camp was held this year at Ganaway by the kindness of the Boys' Brigade, who loaned us both the Camp and equipment. The weather was ideal and some 80 youngsters enjoyed every minute of it. The camp was staffed by a representative crowd from the units and included for one week-end a Toc H member from the *Courageous*.

The "Somme Supper," held annually in commemoration of the Elder Brethren of the Ulster Division who fell in the battle of the Somme on July 1, took place on June 29, 180 members and guests, including L.W.H., were present. Pat Armour presided and we were glad to welcome back Padre Paton.

Our congratulations to *Duncairn*, who have attained Branch status, and also to the new units of *Portadown* and *Queen's University*.